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IDYLS OF AN IDLER.

R. Galpine, Printer, Lynington.

IDYLS OF AN IDLER,

AN

ORIGINAL OLIO

OF

PLEASANT AND PLAINTIVE POEMS.

I WOULD go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands, be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

STERNE.

LONDON :

SOLD BY LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN :

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PREFACE.

A CUSTOM has obtained from time immemorial for Authors to say something to their Readers, in a Preface, of their motives for venturing the idle Fancies of their leisure hours or the Lucubrations of their more serious studies upon the perilous sea of public opinion—and multifarious have been the reasons assigned for the hazardous enterprize :

The IDLER, unwilling to tire his Readers with a long tale of his motives, respectfully assures them, that (though he does not profess to be insensible to the pleasure a writer feels on seeing his early productions in print,) the opportunity it offers of returning his grateful acknowledgments to the many friends who have kindly

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promised their patronage to his little Book, has been a powerful inducement to him to conform to the one and to venture upon the other.

He therefore commits his *OLIO* to the indulgent patronage of his friends and the public:—and if it should by accident fall into the hands of any of those awful and severe personages—Messeuirs the Critics, he trusts that they will temper justice with mercy, and not waste their great energies “in breaking a fly upon the wheel.”

LYMINGTON,

1 January, 1828.

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IDYLS OF AN IDLER.



INVOCATION TO OBERON.

Oh fairy elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send,
And so may never fading bliss,
Thy flowery paths attend !

GREVILLE.

SPIRIT unseen ! who performest thy spells,
Here, in the depth of these fay-haunted dells :—
Spirit ! who lovest to sport in the beam
Of the ‘ sun of the sleepless ’ that tinsels the stream,

The ivy crown'd ruin, that leans from yon height,
 The flow'ret, and spray, with its silvery light :
 Spirit ! who lovest, when orisons flow
 From lips of the faithful, to list and bestow :
 List thee ! Oh list ! in this rapturous hour,
 The prayer of a lover who bends to thy power !

Wreathe me a coronal, Spirit benign !
 Of summer's sweet flowers, a chaplet entwine,
 Fit for the fairest ! Oh ! deign to compose
 The boon I entreat, of the lily and rose,
 The heart's-ease, the violet, and balm whose pale
 flower

Scarce peeps in our clime, with the white virgin's
 bow'r,

And let the forget-me-not eminent bloom,
 'Mid those and the crimson carnation's perfume ;
 Nor spurn the dark ivy that shelters decay,
 Nor yet the lorn willow that dips in the spray !

Soul of this solitude ! list to my prayer !
 For Ellen—sweet spirit ! the flow'rets prepare !
 Oh ! let them be gathered by sylphid and fay,
 Ere from them the dew drop exhalet away !
 And breathe on the whole, potent spirit, a charm !
 Create it a shield to protect her from harm !—

A guard for her faith, fraught with pow'r to impart
 Like enchantment to him who resigns her his heart.
 Oh ! list, spirit, list ! in this rapturous hour,
 The pray'r of a lover who bends to thy power !

EVENING.

(FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.)

'Tis vesper time,—the virgin moon
 Darts from on high her lovely ray,
 Silvering the flowers of blithesome June,
 On wild, and lea, and forest spray !
 All looks below serenely light,
 The heaven above is streaming bright ;
 Nor o'er its wide expanse is seen,
 One straggling cloud to intervene,
 Wimpling the moon's fair face, and so
 Robbing earth of her lucid glow !
 Oh ! never fell from heaven her beams
 With such refulgence, and she seems
 ' Like one that had been led astray
 ' Thro' the heavn's wide pathless way.'

O ! 'tis a night for fairy fête !
 A night when lovers haste to meet,
 To sigh and tell their woes ;
 A night when sylphs are in the air,
 Forms that to heaven the records bear,
 Of faithful lovers' vows.

O ! 'tis an eve when fancy's eye
 Full many a fairy lamp might spy
 Dew-lit, in luna's trembling ray,
 Making the night a mimic day,
 In which the unseen elfin crew,
 Dance, the midnight watches thro',

 Their mystic circles round :
 An eve, when fancy's ear might dwell
 Delighted, on the distant bell ;
 Or listen to the runlet's brawl,
 Inmingling with the waterfall,

 And deem the wild sweet sound
 Was wakened, sacred to the hour,
 To call forth love, and fays to scour
 The blossom cover'd ground !

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG

TO HIS DEER.

O SPEED thee my Reindeer !—Why wend you so slow ?
 'Tis love bids thee hasten o'er deserts of snow !
 'Tis love bids thee haste, over forests so drear !
 And love will protect thee from wolf and from bear !

Hark ! hark ! from the bog the jet-visag'd sprite cries !
 Hark ! hark ! from the cavern the wizard replies !
 And see ! from the marsh how the elfish forms rove !
 Oh haste then my Reindeer !—Oh speed to my love !

Fly, fly ! my Reindeer, from their hideous view !
 With the speed of affection, thy journey pursue !
 For love's wing is fleeter than witch, sprite, or fay ;
 And love will now bear thee, from danger away !

O haste ! for fresh mosses await thee, that rathe
 My true maiden gathers, the snow drift beneath !
 My dearest, whose hand is as white as the snow,
 And as soft as the ermine, that burrows below !

Then speed thee, my Reindeer—I pine for the bliss,
 When *she* shall *thy* brow,—*I* her *ruby* lips, kiss!
 Whose breath is as pure as the zephyr, that sighs
 'Neath the summer's blue heav'n, the hue of her eyes!

O speed thee! O speed!—to my love haste away!
 Who now, haply, lingers beneath the moon's ray;
 Impatiently hoping to view us appear,
 O! soon her hopes realize!—banish her fear!

O speed thee!—Tho' swift as the storm thou couldst
 sweep—
 Tho' quick as the lightning's gleam over the deep—
 Tho' swift as the meteor's descent from above—
 Still would seem to delay, that which bore me to love.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

Friends ! we have liv'd too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.

COWPER.

DURING a thunder storm a short time since,
An odd collection
Assembled for protection,
Beneath a certain country ale house roof
Kept by a widowed dame, fat, fair, and forty ;
Fit for a prince ;
And celebrated for the hearty
Ale she brewed, for travellers' behoof.

The motley group consisted of a baker,
A wandering tinker, and a jolly sailor,
An Irish traveller,—or linen shaker,
And an itinerant retailer
Of rheubarb, ginger, cloves, and frankincense,
Crowned with a turban white as innocence.

Each had (and sure 'twas very meet,) their jorum
 Filled with the widow's best
 And set before 'em ;
 Which was allowed but little rest,
 Fearing it by the thunder might be soured ;—
 So, as without, e'en so within, it poured ;
 And each one seemed resolved to prove a sticker,
 To the good 'widow's cruise' of liquor.

The rain continued long to beat and beat,
 Meanwhile the ale (fast rising to the head)
 Produced a kind of friendship, in
 The man of tin,
 Of sea, of ginger, and of gingerbread ;
 And their acquaintance grew so fast
 That they at last
 Had nearly quarrelled about who'd stand treat.
 In short, they swigg'd and swill'd till they got very
 Sociable and merry ;
 And it was plainly seen,
 No wish was entertained to change the scene.

But all is subject to mutation here,
 Nothing is stable, in this nether sphere :
 And lo ! just in the middle of their merriment
 A loud explosion burst forth like a bomb,

Shaking the very basement of the room,
 And spattering o'er the party boozing there,
 A liquid nauseous both in hue and scent.
 Producing consternation and despair ;
 For each one deemed (and naturally too,)
 A thunderbolt had pierced the dwelling through.

Thus helter skelter, over stools and chairs,
 Each for self preservation made a rush,
 Out at the window some—the door had scarce
 Sufficient strength to bear the sudden crush.
 Nutmegs and nutmeg graters, cloth and tape,
 Flew in all quarters during the escape.

At last all, save the baker, had assembled,
 Somewhat recovered from their dreadful fright—
 (The widow ne'ertheless still greatly trembled,
 Fearing the baker had been killed outright)—
 And mustering resolution,
 They one and all resolved to venture in
 Where he (more *dough-ty* than the rest

Must be confest),

Calm and collected 'mid the dire confusion,
 Received them with a half reproving grin ;
 Exclaiming to the gapers-with-dismay—
 “ Why ? what the devil made ye run away ?—

“ Speak ;—have ye lost your wits ?—tho’ if that’s all,
“ Your loss to mine’s comparatively small ;
“ For I have lost (the cause of the alarm),
“ *A good stone jar, and sixteen pints of barm !*”

A CAUTION, if no moral, marks my tale,
Never bung barm too tight,—or you’ll bewail.

A TALE OF SORROW.

(VERSIFIED FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME CAMPAN.)

Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
 Of earthly happiness ; romantic schemes,
 And fraught with loveliness.

H. K. WHITE.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

SHAKSPEARE.

'MAJESTIC night' had scarce retir'd,
 Reluctant from her 'ebon throne,'
 And the young dawn that sweets respir'd,
 Peep'd o'er the eastern horizon ;
 Scarce aught diminished in its sheen,
 The lovely star of day, was seen ;
 And scarce had toll'd the holy chime,
 To warn the nun of matin time,
 When many a streamer floated light,
 From castle wall and turret height,

And steeple and tower, but scarce reveal'd
 By the purpling morn, right merrily peal'd.—
 And, fast as Phœbus o'er the east,
 Hurried his steeds, the din increas'd ;
 For, cannons roar'd, and trump and drum,
 Mingled with distant voices' hum,
 Till the city (as rings some rocky shore)
 Rang with one wild continued roar ;
 All hailing in the proud display,
 Gallia, thy Dauphin's nuptial day.

Yes, even at morn's first purple glow,
 Crowd upon crowd was gathering slow,
 And, when burst forth the day-god's light,
 Thousands on thousands urged their flight
 Tow'rd Louis Quinze, to witness there
 Th' espousals of the royal pair :
 Collecting (e'en as clouds on high,
 Collect—some awful tempest nigh,)
 Till, in one mass concentr'd, stood
 The unsuspecting multitude ;
 Fated, in terror to be riv'n,
 As gather'd storm clouds tempest driven.

Ah ! chang'd ere night the joyful cry
 That rose at dawn, and rent the sky,

To shrieks of woe, by terror wrung,
 And pain, from victims in that throng ;
 Press'd,—sinking,—fainting in the heat,—
 Trampled beneath the chargers' feet ;—
 Thrust by each other, in despair,
 Into the trenches of the square
 And Rue Royale.—Oh ! death's gaunt train,
 Of peril, and despair, and pain,
 Reign'd uncontroll'd ;—the sickled fiend,
 A harvest dreadly ample, glean'd.

And there, 'mid that distracted host,
 A manly form was seen ;
 Whose care and kindness was engross'd
 By one of fairy mien ;—
 And she was beautiful ;—they lov'd ;—
 Their true attachment years had proved ;—
 And long before, the holy knot
 The faithful pair had tied ;
 But, scant in means, they hush'd the thought,
 Against which prudence cried :—
 Yet, now 'twas fix'd ;—the morrow, they
 Had chosen for their wedding day.

Oh ! there was fear in every heart,
 Which of that tumult form'd a part,

Till frenzy rose from dread ;—
 Each, for self preservation, rush'd
 Frantickly on, and ruthless, crush'd
 The dying and the dead.—
 But, reckless of himself, *he* strove
 To cheer,—support,—protect his love ;
 His person interposed, to shield
 The timid form that shrunk behind,—
 Whose pallid cheek, and eye, reveal'd
 The terror of her mind.
 Anxious, his voice was heard, to cheer,—
 Mildly beseeching not to fear,—
 To strive one little moment yet,
 Against the danger that beset ;—
 Was heard, heaven's mercy to implore,
 To spare her from the sacrifice,
 Whom danger made him love the more,
 Whom peril made him doubly prize.—
 But the confusion,—shrieks,—despair,—
 Destruction,—every moment there
 Wildly increased, until, at length
 Failing in heart, as well as strength,
 “ 'Tis o'er,”—she faintly sigh'd.—
 “ Oh ! droop not !” frantic, he rejoin'd,—
 “ There still remains one hope behind !
 “ Thou yet shalt be a bride !

"These shoulders still are strong to bear,
 "Seek, as you love me, safety there ;—
 "These arms, not weaken'd yet, can brave
 "The fearful throng.—I yet may save !"

He felt his words obey'd :—again,
 Hope kindling, sooth'd his bosom's pain,
 His fast declining strength renew'd,
 Arous'd his dying fortitude ;
 Lighten'd the burthen he sustain'd,
 And freed his heart, that fear had chain'd.

Now desp'rate, he withstood the press
 Of the infuriate mass ;—
 He forc'd the way of fearfulness,—
 Death's valley,—terror's pass ;—
 He clear'd the awful mob, and gain'd
 A place where peace and safety reign'd.

And here awhile he paus'd :—his eyes were bent,
 Swimming in tears of joy, upon the sky ;
 And though his tongue was mute,—full, eloquent,
 His heart expanded to the Deity
 In deepest gratitude for mercy shown,
 Or 'ere he set his trembling burthen down ;
 Exhausted,—tott'ring,—and as void of breath,
 As the scarce living form, he snatch'd from death.

'Twas done :—and with what joy inspir'd

He turn'd him round, intent to greet
That all, his throbbing heart desir'd,—

For whom alone his bosom beat.

He turn'd,—Oh heav'ns! he turn'd,—and view'd

A stranger form!—Before him stood

Another!—One more strongly nerv'd,

Who his instructions had observ'd,

And ta'en.—Another!—One for whom

Fate had reserv'd a later doom!

—She who had taught him to adore,

Sunk in the crowd,—and was no more!!!

ON

TAKING A FLY FROM A SPIDER'S WEB.

Poor little giddy fluttering thing !
 Keep still thy light transparent wing ;
 Thy struggling drives thee farther in
 The 'tangling knot.
 Alas ! thou feel'st the bitter sting,
 The idler's lot !

Ah ! see from out his silken shed,
 The spider darts, with eager speed ;
 Whilst thou, with fear art almost dead,
 And still dost lie.
 Ah ! now he fastens 'neath thine head ;
 And must thou die ?

There—take again thy liberty ;
 But still to pleasures thou wilt flee,
 And soon again I fear 'twill be
 Thy overthrow ;
 A grateful buzz thou givest me
 And warning too.

Thus youth rush on in pleasure's round,
And in its sunshine frisk and bound,
Nor heed the cobwebs hung around,
With mischief fraught ;
Nor, 'till too late, the truth is found,
So often taught :

The truth, that pleasure's syren face,
Lures those who fondly dare to gaze,
To guilt and infamous disgrace ;
 Enticing on,
'Till o'er dread ruin's precipice,
 Her vot'ry's drawn.

A DISAGREEABLE DENOUEMENT.

It was a gloomy night (yet not so dark,
But that a sober man might trace
His hand before his face),
Such as young scoundrels fix on for a lark ;
And the dull clock had droned out eight :
Sweet sound howe'er to those,
Condemned by adverse fate
To scribble on and pose

O'er skins of parchment, pent in office dire,
 Until their pericraniums ache and tire,—
 Until their very hearts turn sick,
 Wishing pens, ink, *et cætera*, at old Nick.

I said 'twas eight o'clock, and rather dark ;
 When, wearied with the business of the day,
 A certain clerk,
 Over his surcoat bare
 Threw on his rough surtout,
 (Forsaking for *his own* a client's *suit*),
 And sought the fresher air.

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Scarcely had he a hundred yards advanced,
 Than lightly by him tripp'd a female form,
 When (at a certain dæmon's instigation),
 A wicked inclination

Captur'd his heart by storm ;—

Lord ! how it danced !

Indifferent tow'rds, or, thoughtless of his vows
 Of solemn sort,—pledg'd to a faithful spouse.

With 'Lady ! where so fast ?' the spark address'd
 The gentle fair one, and he caught her arm ;
 Her arm, that seem'd to favour the arrest,
 By making no attempt at a release :

She even linger'd,—yet in no alarm,—
 But rather, it appear'd, with pleasure
 Her pace abated to his time and measure ;
 Whilst softly to his quest, replied the fair,—
 “ I'm going, if you please, sir,—*any where !*”
 An answer, quaint enough, to make the man
 Deem his companion some fair cyprian.

And now he placed her willing arm on his
 And gently squeez'd her hand with much delight ;
 He ventur'd too to steal a kiss,
 Which even fail'd to put her in a fright.
 Gods ! hope so warm'd his bosom—till in short,
 It was almost too hot to hold his heart ;
 Which oft (consuming with impatience) sprung
 Up to his tongue.

Thus many a spacious square, street, crescent, court,
 did
 The sprig of law and lady wander thro',
 Until they reach'd a dome, whose front imported
 That trav'lers there their wanderings might forego ;
 And here the wily scribe, with soft persuasion,
 The obliging damsel press'd
 Awhile to rest,
 And pass a little hour in conversation.

"But first," howe'er, she whispering said, "before

"You touch the door,

"Pray tell me true, sir, if you have a wife?

"For, if 'tis so, 'twill be unjust,—unkind,—

"Upon my life!

"To treat her thus."—"Pshaw! pshaw!" said he,

"Ne'er mind!"

"'Tis said, and very true,

"That what the eye don't see the heart don't rue!

"And she will never hear a word about it!"—

"Ah!" soft the lady sigh'd, "I rather doubt it!"

Howe'er, the portal shut them from the night,

And now to an apartment they retired,

Where the gallant was clam'rous for a light,

And (for he'd made his mind up to make merry),

Fruit, liqueurs, wine, and eke confectionary,

Which came almost as soon as 'twas desired;

But ah! with his deserv'd confusion rife!—

For by the taper's gleam he recognis'd

One, who his wicked ways had been suspecting—

One, who to catch him had herself disguis'd—

(And found her scheme successful in detecting,

The vagrant and astounded spark,.)—HIS WIFE.

TO A LADY,

(OFTEN SEEN BUT UNKNOWN.)

For thee, fair maid ! whose placid eye
 (Betrayed, tell-tale of the soul)
 Looks all of love, benignity,
 And ever seems with joy to roll :—

For thee, fair maid ! on whose sweet face
 The rival lily and the rose
 In all their purest tints embrace,
 And there in harmony repose :—

For thee ! on whose brow, snowy white,
 Soft ringlets, fann'd by breezes, play !
 Whose form, symmetrical as sprite,
 Seems borne on feet of airy fay :—

For thee belov'd ! who dost enchain
 This palpitating heart of mine,
 Which, at such thralldom would not plain,
 Were it but link'd, sweet one ! with thine ;

For thee, enchantress ! doth the muse
 A chaplet wreath of simple flowers ;
 Cull'd from the haunts that fairies use,
 To frisk away the moonlight hours :—

The myrtle and the eglantine,
 The honey suckle and the rose,
 With many a woodland flower combine,
 For thee that chaplet to compose.

And wilt thou dearest maid ! (ere scath
 Assail the flowers that for thee blow,)
 Permit the hand, that wove the wreath,
 To place it on thy lovely brow ?

Oh ! deign to trim hope's light, that dies
 Within his breast whom love compels !
 Oh ! deign to smile on him, whose eyes
 So oft have told thee what he feels !

SONG.

THERE are, who value woman's eye
 But for the texture of its dye ;
 Contending, those which darkly roll,
 Are fraught with most of passion's soul ;
 And, from the eye that's clear and bright,
 Beams most of inspiration's light.

There are, who cavil, that the hue
 Is sweetest in the eye of blue ;
 For, that its lovely tint's obtained
 From that with which the heav'ns are stained ;
 Or from the rainbow's colours caught,
 With which, even angel orbs are fraught.

So let them cavil ;—let them prize,
 But for their hue, sweet woman's eyes !
 I love,—nor reck what tint it be,—
 The eye that kindly beams on me
 With faith and truth,—that never strays,
 Nor wishes, from its first fond gaze.

THE PRECEPT
 'BEAR AND FORBEAR'
 EXEMPLIFIED.

ONE evening, rather late, a very
 'Nice young fellow,' much more *nice* than wise,
 Yclept an exquisite ;
 Met a young damsel, who'd a bright
 Pair of black eyes,
 Which were in no wise blind
 To the perfections
 Of one, whose christian name was Jerry,
 A strapping chap, and who'd set his affections
 Upon the maid, that look'd on him so kind.

Whether this '*nice young fellow*' was love sick, or
 Whether the sun had warm'd the gentle youth ;
 Or, whether elevated by strong liquor,
 It matters not,—nor can I say in sooth :
 However, something made his spirit move
 As he approached the maiden, and he cried,
 Quite in the dandy brogue,—“I say, my love ;
 “Are you dispos'd to *vauk* a little *vay* ?”—

The damsel nought to his address replied,
But 'kept the noiseless tenor of her way.'

Yet, nothing daunted by her silence, he
Continued to invoke her ;
But all his pertinacity
 Could not provoke her,
To give a verbal replication,
 To his interrogation.

Finding that all his words wer'n't worth a copper,
 Tow'rds the accomplishment,
 Of his intent,
He tried by force to stop her,
 And kiss
The uncomplying miss ;
But, minding not his *stops*,
 Right on his chops
(Hoping to put a *period* to his clamour,
 And recompense,
 His insolence)
Her bunch of fives fell, hard as a sledge hammer.

Not satisfied, it seems, with this denial,
 However rough,
And, seemingly, enough

To tempt the *blade* to cut her,
 He made another trial
 (And got a second facer
 By way of a rebutter)

To embrace her,
 Swearing meanwhile, he'd be content

To suffer,
 If he could gain but one salute,
 Ten times as much, from such a pretty cuffer.
 "Aye,—curse me," cried the fellow to the mute,

"*By* I *could* bear
 "Roasting from rising till the set of sun ;"—
 And, catching at the fair,
 "Curse me," again he cried, "*I vill have vone.*"

Now Jerry, who was crouch'd behind a stile,
 (Which the plighted two
 Used as a place of rendezvous)
 Mark'd his proceedings, and the while,
 Against the meddler, dreadful vengeance nourish'd ;
 Not liking, thus, to see his treasure smuggled ;
 And, crabbed as the crab stick that he flourish'd,
 Pounced on the depredator, as they struggled,
 And so belabour'd *Signore Amoroso*,
 That soon for quarter he petition'd,

And condition'd,
That never—no, no, never more he'd do so.

“Well, I'm content ;” cried Jerry, with a sneer,
“But, if that thee hast not enough,
“To prove what thee canst *bear*,
“And wants to shew, that thee bee'st ‘cudgel proof,’
“Again to her repair,
“And try, if by a dandy she'll be buss'd.”—
“No need of that,” the exquisite rejoin'd,
“She's not exactly to my mind ;
“Besides, 'tween me and you,
“As I can *bear*, *vy* I can *for-bear* too.”—

To compensate to Jerry for his slip,
A *sov'reign* remedy the spark applied ;
And Jerry plac'd his finger on his lip,
As much as to imply, he understood
His tongue was to be tied ;
And, doubtless, thought the compensation good.
The one, who had most reason to deplore,
Now parted company,—and not a little *sore*.

SONG.

Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKSPEARE.

DARK was her hair as the raven's plume,
 Black as the sloe her eye,
 The hawthorn and the peach's bloom
 Blent on her cheek did lie.
 Her mien was chaste as fairy forms,
 And like a fairy, she
 Subdued each heart, that view'd her charms,
 And sylph-like symmetry.
 Ah ! well-a-day !—Ah ! well-a-day
 That love should scath the young and gay !
 A knight she lov'd, both brave and true,
 Who join'd the gallant band,
 That sought to drive the pagan crew
 From out the holy land.
 High swell'd his breast for honour, love,
 And her his soul ador'd ;

But vain the youthful warrior strove,
 Against the Painim's sword.
 Ah! well-a-day!—ah! well-a-day!
 Love could not shield him in the fray!

Death, ruthless king of terror, stay'd
 The youth in glory's race:
 Frenzy assail'd the hapless maid,
 And blanch'd her lovely face.
 Ah me! that fate should e'er divorce
 The faithful,—but in sooth,
 'Twas never known, that true love's course
 Did ever yet run smooth!
 Ah! well-a-day!—ah! well-a-day!
 That love should rule with tyrant sway!

STANZAS TO ELLEN.

ELLEN! dear Ellen! tho' sorrow's fell dart,
 Has pierc'd thy fair bosom and rankles thy heart:—
 Ellen! dear Ellen! tho' from thy dark eye,
 Grief bids the light that illumin'd it fly:—

Steals from thy cheek, the sweet hue of the rose,
But leaves the pale lily to picture thy woes ;—
The time it shall come, when the sweet ray of joy,
Shall beam on thy spirit, and sorrow destroy !—
The zephyr succeeds the wild hurricane's roar,
And sunbeams, the clouds that in April skies lour ;
The day's joyous dawn follows midnight's sad gloom,
And spring, in despite of dread winter, will come !—
Be true, and I swear, that naught human shall part,
The tie that still binds thee, belov'd, to my heart !
And hope be thy stay ! Oh let hope cheer thy soul !
We soon shall be freed, from fell sorrow's controul,
If thou be but faithful ! And trust, there's a day,
When love, shall the tear drops of grief, kiss away !
When the hearts, that would sever us now, shall
 approve,
And mingle the blossoms of friendship, with love !

THE TWO CLERKS.

THE sun had chas'd the mists of night,
 And lit the frozen drops, that bright
 Hung in a thousand, thousand gems,
 Decking the hoar-friezed leafless stems ;
 And threw his beams, divinely bright,
 O'er valley, plain, and mountain height,
 Cloth'd in the fleeces of the sky—
 A silv'ry scene—where fancy's eye
 Might gaze, till it appear'd a land
 Created by some magic wand.

'Twas thus :—upon their ponies set,
 Two Clerks one sunday morning met ;
 Both Scotch, and laden, we infer,
 With spiritual provender :
 Some sermon, two or three hours long,
 To be embellish'd with a song
 Of solemn sort ; that, to determine,
 Would take as much time as the sermon ;
 Which they were on their way, to spread
 Before the special flocks they fed.

Now, naturally, they agreed,
 First to ask how each other did :
 The one was hearty,—t'other said,
 He still felt so, so, in his head.—
 “Indeed !” was answer'd, with a stare,
 “And prithee, what's the matter there ?”—
 “Matter enough !” cried t'other, shaking
 The member he accused of aching,
 “Have not the tidings pass'd your way,
 “Of what befell me yesterday ?”—
 “No !” was rejoin'd, “pray what befell ye ?”—
 “List !” said the suff'rer, “and I'll tell ye !”

“That hapless morn I sallied forth,
 “Regardless of the bitter north,
 “Whose breath arrested ev'ry rill,
 “That trickled down each heather hill ;
 “And bound the snowy plains with frost,
 “To thy unhappy brother's cost.
 “Well, neither this, nor friends' persuasion,
 “Could alter my determination ;
 “But stubbornly, and rashly surely,
 “I left my home.—Awhile, securely
 “I jogged along, till, by and by,
 “Down went my steed, and down went I,

"Head foremost on the icy plain,
 "Which made that member *ring* again."—
 "*Ring!*" cried the other man of God;—
 "Aye, *ring!*" was answer'd, with a nod.
 "Whence thy surprise?"—"Nay, nay, good sir,
 "I'm not surprised, but grieved, to hear
 "Thou hast a knowledge-box will *ring*;"
 The listener cried, continuing,
 "Because this inference will follow,
 "That it must be exceeding hollow!"

The other smil'd, and then replied,
 "Pray, friend, if thy scone had been tried
 "Like mine upon the frozen snow,
 "Had it not *rung* a little too?"—
 "*Rung!* No!" quoth he.—"Then," cried the other,
 "This inference will follow, brother,
 "By the same rule thou dost enact,
 "That my head's *hollow*;—thine is *crack'd!*"

The suited clerk, cried, with a bend,
 "'Tis a *sharp* morning,—good bye friend!"

THE MAID OF GLENNORE.

THE sun had but tipp'd the far mountain with red,
 The hill from the mist was scarce free,
 When down the green valley a cavalier sped,
 The Lord of Dunmorris was he.
 All night he had travell'd o'er heath and o'er hill,
 A stranger misguided and lore,
 And wearied by travel, it made the knight will,
 To rest in the vale of Glennore.

That morning he kenn'd as he sprung from his steed
 Which snorted still brisk the fresh gale,
 Sweet Ellen, a flower that nature decreed,
 Should bloom above all in that vale.
 Love lit not his soul, but impatient desire
 His bosom inflam'd, and he swore,
 Could art, or could wealth, the poor innocent fire,
 He'd win the fair maid of Glennore.

He artfully flatter'd the confident maid,
 He vow'd all his wealth should be hers ;
 He pray'd that his love might with hers be repaid,
 Thus woo'd into rest all her fears.

But soon, to the artless his bosom was void,
 Ah ! soon her bright visions were o'er !
 He won the heart,—ruin'd,—deserted,—destroy'd,—
 The fairest of all in Glenmore.

But fate never will'd the deceiver should rest ;
 One night, by the tempest o'erta'en,
 As home to Dunmorris his bayard he prest,
 To speed from the warlock, in vain
 He sprung to the stream, his just doom to avoid,
 But he sunk down, to rise never more ;
 Who won the heart,—ruin'd,—deserted,—destroy'd,—
 The fairest of all in Glenmore.

SERENADE.

AWAKE from slumber, Ellen dear !

'Tween hope and fear below I stay ;

Awake, awake !—dispel my fear,

And, if thou lov'st me, come away !

See from the brook that murmurs by,

The cloudless moon reflected bright ;

That, smiling from her throne, the sky,

Tempts thee to stray, love, by her light !

Softly the fairy nectar falls,

And sweetly decks the pensile stems ;

Oh ! never shone in lordly halls,

On 'lady sweet,' such stainless gems !

Come, dearest come !—Upon the air,

Hark, hark ! I hear the night bird's lay ;

That joins thy lover in his pray'r ;

Oh ! list thee, love !—Oh list,—obey !

Bland is the zephyr, and impress'd
With pilfer'd sweets, from many a flower ;
That now, to wanton on thy breast,
Sighing awaits thee in the bower !

Oh ! linger not !—For thee, the breeze
With sweets, reluctant steals along ;
For thee, the dew drops deck the trees ;
For thee, the night bird tunes her song !

For thee, fair Cynthia beams so bright,
And smiles upon the rill serene ;
Sacred to love and thee, this night ;
Come then, and bless the Eden scene !

Awake, awake ! beloved one !
Thy lattice ope, and softly say
Thou hear'st my anxious orison ;
And, if thou lov'st me, come away.

THE RESURRECTION MEN.

Two rips, hight resurrection men,
 One night a corpse dug out;
 A subject for some student's skean,
 No doubt.

It was a long, long way,
 That led to the abode of their employer;
 And thus they wish'd to travel in the day,
 As well as night,—to make the most of time;
 But, they were puzzled, how they should convey
 The unearth'd victim of the gaunt destroyer,
 By daylight, to the anatomizer's den,
 Without a chance of being caught, and then
 A certainty of suff'ring, for their crime.

Scheme after scheme the rogues rejected,
 As being liable to be suspected;
 And long they thought,
 Ere one was wrought,
 That they could deem with skill enough projected.

First they procured a cart and horse,
 And then, the corse
 Evolv'd of its funereal hose,
 Which they replac'd
 With an old suit of regimental clothes,
 And thus encas'd,
 They propp'd it up between them in the cart,
 Swearing, as they were just about to start,
 That person must be devilish misgiving,
 Who'd think but that their lobster friend was living.

Protected by this excellent invention,
 They travell'd on till noon-tide with their pillage,
 'Scaping detention,
 When, at the outskirts of a little village,
 A sign-post intimated,
 That 'men and horses there were baited ;'
 And here they stopp'd, for its appearance set
 Their minds up for a whet ;
 So, slyly shoving their putrescent mate
 To the cart's side,
 They bade it wait,
 Until their thirsty throattles they'd undried :—
 Then, to procure what they requir'd,
 Into a *back* apartment they retir'd.

It chanc'd, upon this day
 A highland grenadier
 'Travell'd that way,
 Bound for his native hills afar,—
 With poverty and wounds, the fruits of war,—
 With age and maladies,—(with fair pretension,
 But devil of a pension,)—
 And lacking not persuasion,
 Accepts the sign-board's invitation,
 Just to walk in and taste the cheer :—
 And in the *front* room sat he with his cup,
 When the death dealing company drew up.

It can't be thought that this strange olio
 Was unobserv'd by Sawney's optics.—No :—
 He mark'd the trio ; but suppos'd, of course,
 The soldier kept his seat to mind the horse.

Now near an hour elaps'd, but neither thief
 Forthcame, to give the patient guard relief ;
 And the ' braw highlandman ' began to think,
 'Twas strangely unpolite,
 And augur'd, that the fellows wer'nt o'er bright,
 Thus so composedly to quaff their quart,
 And leave their comrade in the cart,
 So long a time, without a drop of drink.

"Wow!" he vociferated, "by my troth
 "But thee shalt drink wi me!
 "And rather, since the colour of thy cloth
 "Well warrants and invites my making free."

Action succeeded speech, for up he got,
 And march'd towards the stranger with his pot;
 Crying, as he the threshold passed,
 Loud as a stentor, or boreal blast,—
 "Hout tout! ould chap!
 "Ye'll just for kindness take a drap,
 "Perhaps the first and last,
 "Wi ane wha's sair,
 "To ken ye chousel'd o' your share!"

 The one address'd,
 Deign'd not an answer, or a look,
 As you'll presume;
 And, in the Scotchman's breast,
 This supposition rose,—
 He, whom he bellow'd at, was deaf and dumb,
 Poor soul!
 And so, he thought, upon the whole,
 'Twould not be very loving,
 Or very creditable to his amity,
 To let him suffer thro' his sad calamity:

He therefore took
 The liberty, of summoning the soldier
 By means more *moving*,
 But not more happy,
 As you'll suppose,
 In calling his attention to the nappy :—
 For, Sawney making his approaches bolder,
 Shook, with a "hoot awa!" the dead man by the
 shoulder.

The corpse, you'll deem no doubt, could not with-
 stand

• The shock of such a brawny hand,
 But, shaken from its balance,
 Toppled regressively to the cart's bottom,
 As tho' some fiend had shot him :—
 An accident, unrav'ling to the Scot,
 The mystery that veil'd the heinous plot ;
 Who drawled out, with peculiar nonchalance,
 "Ough ! ough ! I ken !"

 And then,
 To labour went his 'pauky head,'
 Devising how to cheat, these robbers of the dead.

Short time he had, or took, for brewing
 His machination,

For their undoing :—

He sued the host's auxiliation ;

Then, with his aid,

The corpse to an out-building was convey'd ;

And Sawney, in his purpose resolute,

Mounted the cart,—the corpse's substitute.

Now, shortly after, issu'd from the house,

The two, who'd finish'd their carouse,

And jump'd into the cart ;

Smacking their whip, a signal to depart,

First shoving their new guest between 'em,

With great composure—

Their guest, whose soldier garb suffic'd to screen him,

From disclosure ;

Whilst the strange transformation

The visage of their lifeless friend

. Apparently sustain'd,

Escaped their observation ;—

For which security, the Scot should thank

(We deem) the liquor they had drank.

Reckless and unsuspecting, they pursu'd

Their way, beguil'd by many a fusty joke ;

And oft they laugh'd, to think how well they could

Impose upon the travelling folk ;

Whilst many an oath the ungracious rascals swore,
Scorning the awful personage they thought they bore.

Thus they beguil'd the way :

At last, a wood

They enter'd, at that time of day
When Phœbus dips him in the western flood,—
When shadows die, forsaken of his ray,—
And gloom prevails, where his bright features glow'd.

Ah ! now the Scot began

Repent him, of the hazard that he ran ;
For, this conviction, now his spirits rack'd,—
That death was his, however he might act ;

And, the poor elf

Gan wish himself,

(As well he may,)

‘ Over the hills and far away !’

Still on their way they sped

Into the forest, deep and deeper yet ;
The Scotchman wishing his companions dead,

At least dead drunk ;—

He fairly thought himself into a sweat,

He was in such a funk ;

And, gradually, he arrived unto
The very summit of frebrility ;

Whilst the grave-rifling two,
 Not being form'd of incombustibility,
 Began to find, (with feelings of surprise)
 Each on an arm, the soldier's warmth arise.

Soon they were on a par in situation,
 And almost dead with fear and perspiration ;
 ' For, the big round drops
 ' Cours'd one another, down beside their noses,
 ' In piteous chase : '—They look'd as meek as Moses,
 Nor dar'd to budge, but sat as stiff as props,
 And still as mummies, while their faces shone,
 Brightly as wax-work staring at the sun.

Hotter and hotter grew the fellows' elbows,
 Till their whole frames felt one continued prickle,
 As if affected with electric fire,
 And each had rather have preferr'd the bilboes
 With all its consequentials, whip, and mire,

 To this infernal pickle.—

Lord ! they were melting now as fast away,
 As icicles that dare the noon-tide ray.

At last, the bravest of the two resolv'd
 To speak, ' tho' hell itself should gape
 ' And bid him hold his peace, '—

Thinking, 'twould be as well to risk escape,
 As bide with fervent heat to be dissolv'd;
 Which fairly threaten'd else, to be the case.
 Thus, then, to his companion he exclaimed;—
 "I . . say—I . . say—the body feels quite warm!"—
 "Lord! yes," replied the other, with alarm,
 "It feels as hot as if it had been damn'd!"—
 "And so wad you, you sacrilegious loon!"
 Rejoin'd the Scotchman, with a deathlike yell,
 And very opportune,
 "Had you, like me, so lately been in h-ll!"—

The shock was instantaneous:—from the cart
 The pair of rascals tumbled neck and heel,
 And each into the forest, like a dart,
 Sped from the Scot's demoniac appeal;
 Nor deign'd to look behind them in their flight,
 They were in such a hurry, sweat, and fright.

'Twill not be thought that Sawney linger'd long
 In meditating how he should proceed:—
 No.—Hastily he turn'd the jaded steed,
 And lustily laid on the smacking thong;
 Nor was he fain
 Th' impelling application to restrain,
 Till to the inn he got safe 'bock again;'

And then, he thank'd his lucky stars of course,
 'That nothing worse,
 Fell to his portion than a cart and horse ;
 Which, by the counsel of ' mine host'
 (Who shar'd the cost)
 He soon dispos'd of, and a second grave,
 To the disturb'd and harrass'd body gave.

SONG.

BRING, bring the bowl, the chalice bring !
 Let each a bumper take ;
 And pledge the heart, whose ev'ry string
 At pity's touch can wake !

 Fill, fill the cup, again ! forsooth,
 A double toast must rise ;
 Since such a heart is true,—for truth
 And pity are allies !

 Yet, let the brim again be press'd !
 Again the chalice drain'd !
 And pledg'd to Ellen, in whose breast
 These virtues are retain'd !

THE GOLDFINCH.

I love to see the little Goldfinch pluck
 The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit, and twit,
 And then, in how'r of apple blossoms perch'd
 Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.
 I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.

HURDIS.

'Twas noon, and Autumn's golden reign,
 When sol parch'd up the daisied plain,
 And dried each purling stream ;
 When ev'ry flutt'rer sought the bower,
 To lull away the torrid hour,
 Screen'd from his sultry beam.

Three Goldfinches, whose evening hymn
 Had often from a pear-tree's limb
 Enchanted nature round,
 Fled from the day-god's scorching heat,
 And sought within their lov'd retreat,
 The refuge oft there found.

There, swinging on the pliant bough,
 With eyes half shut, and wings hung low,
 The zephyr fann'd each breast ;
 When one, whose notes had oft betray'd
 That sorrow did his heart pervade,
 The others thus address'd :—

“ Kind comrades, who have oft preferr'd
 “ Enquiries, why such grief is heard,
 “ So constant in my song ;
 “ I'll now admit of your request,
 “ And open my distracted breast,
 “ That has been shut so long.

“ Ere now, those kind requests, to know
 “ From whence the fountain of my woe,
 “ By me had granted been ;
 “ But, ah ! my heart I knew full well,
 “ Could brook not what I had to tell,
 “ Of woes that I have seen.

“ But, time, the cruel strokes of fate
 “ Hath somewhat serv'd to meliorate,
 “ And now, methinks 'twould ease
 “ My laden heart, and calm the woe
 “ Fix'd there, by narrating to you
 “ The tale of miseries.

" Time was, when I could sing with glee,
 " And flutter gay from tree to tree,
 " With one to share my flight,
 " Whose velvet breast and golden wing,
 " Produc'd a sweet and ample spring,
 " Of quiet and delight.

" But, not alone her wing of gold,
 " Or velvet breast, my heart controll'd,—
 " Such, won me not, in sooth :—
 " 'Twas what within her bosom beat,
 " A preference affectionate,—
 " A preference in truth.

" Spring came ;—we labour'd ev'ry morn,
 " And cull'd the wool from dew-tipp'd thorn,
 " To build our little nest ;
 " And soon, thro' perseverance, view'd
 " The tiny structure for our brood,
 " Rise equal to the best.

" Our labour too was well repaid,
 " Five pretty mottled eggs were laid,
 " Then O ! what joy was ours !
 " And soon, by our united care,
 " Five little flutt'ers breath'd in air,
 " And wond'ring view'd the flow'rs.

“ Ah ! little deem’d this bosom then,
“ How pregnant was that bliss with pain !

“ Ah ! heedless in its joy !

“ It reck’d not, soon from embryo
“ Would burst the offspring terror, woe,
“ Its parent to destroy !

“ How sweet the task, each morning, ere
“ The sun had dried lone midnight’s tear,
“ To cater round for food ;
“ And then, when all were satisfied,
“ To carol to my faithful bride,
“ And all her infant brood.

“ Thus bless’d we liv’d—till one sad day,
“ Vanish’d our happiness away,
“ In one short minute’s space ;
“ Alas ! that I could draw a veil,
“ O’er my remembrance of the tale,
“ That time can ne’er erase.

“ That day, the while I piped my song,
“ A beast, with talons sharp and long,
“ Approach’d the tree we chose ;
“ And whetting at its trunk her claws,
“ ‘Gan climbing tow’rds, (oh dreadful pause !)
“ The place of our repose.

“ Ah me ! what horror seiz’d my soul

“ To see (unable to controul),

“ The monster, pitiless,

“ Devour the nestlings ’fore our eyes,

“ Heedless and careless of the cries

“ That burst in our distress.

“ A long, long time, we hover’d near

“ The place, and chirp’d with wild despair

“ Our lamentable lay ;

“ Till time (the afflicted’s faithful friend),

“ Did partly in oblivion blend

“ The deed of that dark day.

“ Alas ! how slowly to the soul

“ That sorrow claims, the seasons roll !

“ How long seem’d Autumn’s stay !

“ And winter too, appear’d in time

“ To loiter, as in Lapland clime,

“ And loth to speed away.

“ Yet spring *did* come,—and nature gay,

“ Drove partially sad thoughts away,

“ And joy once more we own’d ;

“ Whilst sweet anticipation rose

“ To recompense our former woes,

“ For which we long had moan’d.

“ Safe, in a tree umbrageous, high,
“ Impervious to the prying eye
“ Of savage beast or man,
“ We form’d the basement of our nest,
“ And thus, again in prospect blest,
“ The hours in pleasure ran.

“ But ah ! our hopes were doom’d to end,
“ Where we before did sadly bend
“ In attitude of woe ;
“ We’d drank from fell affliction’s cup,
“ But yet we had to swallow up
“ The dregs that lurk’d below.

“ Impatient of the least delay,
“ We stole the torn remains away,
“ That form’d our first sad nest ;
“ Alas ! it cost us many a tear,
“ By ’minding us of objects dear,
“ Destroy’d by fate’s behest.

“ Sudden, one morn, as thus we toil’d,
“ A note assail’d me, loud and wild,
“ That seem’d to chill my soul ;
“ And, quickly flying to the spot
“ That just before my mate had sought,
“ For horse-hair, moss, and wool,

“ Oh ! think, what throes my bosom wrung !

“ For, there I saw her tangled, hung,

“ With horse-hair by the neck !

“ Ah ! soon the tight'ning noose bereft

“ My darling of her life, and left

“ A miserable wreck !*

“ The horrors of that day of woe

“ Have riven my poor bosom so,

“ It never more will close ;

“ And freshen'd in my memory

(“ What time had almost worn away)

“ The earliest of my woes.

“ Each day I flitted round her shade,

“ And chirping lamentation made,

“ Till one who pity knew,

“ Observ'd what caus'd my fluttering state,

“ And, sighing at her hapless fate,

“ Convey'd her from my view.

“ E'er since that time, I love to brood

“ My sorrows o'er, in solitude,

“ And grieve my woes to rest ;

*This actually occurred, as well as the circumstances recorded in the 14th and 15th verses, and came under the observation of the Author ; who, however, cannot vouch that the accumulation of misfortunes happened to the identical pair of birds, although he strongly suspects so.

“And aye my vesper song shall be,

“Adapted to a threnody ;

“For oh ! it lights my breast.

“Then list—nor only list, but think,

“How soon the tide of bliss may sink

“To sorrow’s gulf beneath ;

“And oft, the very things that seem

“Created for our welfare, teem

“With sorrow, pain, or death !”

HODGE AND THE PEDLER.

Evans.—Peace : I pray you ! Now let’s understand.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

A PEDLER towards Wareham bent his way

One sunday morning—heedless of the day—

Perhaps (so oft convenient ’tis), his creed

Was this, ‘the better day the better deed :’—

But, be that as it may, in thoughtful mood,

With steps that seem’d to measure near a rood,

He strode along :—his head had got the start
 Full half a yard, of all the other part,
 And like a bow was bent his brawny back,
 Yet not through age, but by a monstrous pack
 That overshadowed him, from toe to rump,
 Just like a cauliflower head its stump ;
 Whilst oft a sigh escaped his bosom, tho'
 'Twas not for her he lov'd,—but you must know,
 He long'd for some companion, to unload
 The *ennui* he had gather'd on the road.

His wishes soon were crown'd ; not far ahead
 He saw emerging from a lane, that led
 To where a son of Crispin rais'd his stall,
 (One who for *half* the village used his *awl*.)
 A country fellow, in whose hand there dangled
 A pair of boots that miserably wrangled.

The pristine colour of one top was gone,
 That grease and age had made a dirty brown ;
 Whilst its companion, piebald, buff and grey,
 Look'd like the offspring of a later day ;
 One foot had ne'er a patch ; with a plurality
 Its partner grinn'd, as if proud of its quality ;
 One heel retain'd the remnants of a cue,
 To'ther was destitute and all askew ;

One sole with rows of hobnails thick and double
 Was studded o'er ; its fellow was in trouble,
 Through some rough march, and seem'd to want re-
 cruits :

In fine, it was a rustic pair of boots ;
 And such as you would deem, and I would swear,
 Was not a bit the better for the wear.

But cease my long description and digression.—
 Soon as the Pedler saw Hodge have egression
 From out the lane, he thus abruptly blared—
 “Ho ! where ar't going with thy boots ?”—Hodge
 stared,
 And quickly turned about upon his heel,
 Obedient to the clamorous appeal.
 And then replied ;—“To *wear-em* !” with a flout.
 “Indeed !” the other gaily halloo'd out,—
 “Why so am I,—and if you've no dislike
 “I'll be your partner”—“Dang it !” quoth the tyke,
 (Cutting the trav'ler's sentence rather short,
 And staring that his eyes seem'd nigh to start ;)
 “You'll be my partner ! Come ! that's pretty bold !
 “But, master Pedler, *virst* I would be told
 “What bus'ness thee'st to wear 'em,—ere d'ye see
 “I with thy proposition can agree !”—

"What business!" cried the other with a sneer,—
 "Why *quite* as much as you, 'tis pretty clear!"—
 "The devil!"—sputter'd Clodpole in reply,
 "Then to be plain, I *zay* thee tells a lie!"—
 "*Damne!*"—the trav'ler cried,—“And will you say
 “Again, that I'm a liar?” Hodge said “Aye!
 “And *vurther*, I'll maintain what I assert;
 “To many a better man *I'se* doff'd my shirt!”
 “Well!” quoth the other, “It may do thee good
 “To lose a little of that furious blood;
 “And I'll exert the best of my ability,
 “To thrash into thee something of civility!”—
 So then forthwith, disburthen'd he his back,
 And put himself in order for th' attack;
 Whilst Hodge, no laggard, vowing to reward him,
 Threw down his boots, and stood prepar'd to guard 'em.
 Exclaiming, as he toss'd them from him,—“There!
 “Thee *virst* must drub me, if my boots thee'dst wear!”
 “What?”—with a pause, cried t'other, looking green,
 “What?—wear thy boots? Why, what the deuce dost
 mean?”
 “Mean?” echoed Hodge, “why sure thee'st ought to
 know;
 “Didstn't thee *zay* just now, thee'dst wear 'em?”—

“Poh!”

“Rejoin’d the trav’ler, with relaxing phiz,

“I say I’d wear thy boots?—such things as these?

“Lord bless thee, ha, ha, ha!—No! master Clown!

“I meant, to WAREHAM,—yonder little town!

“’Twas my intent, as it seem’d yours, to go.—

“Come, come, ’tis a mistake!”—Hodge drawl’d out

“Oh!

“If that’s the case, why there the matter ends!”—

“And,” cried the other “we must now be friends;

“For, since we both are faultless,—or to blame,—

“To cavil more about it, were a shame!

“Give me thy hand,—see yonder sign invites,

“Let’s thither hie, and set the thing to rights!”

Clodpole, whose visage brighten’d by degrees,
Now shook the hand held out to him in peace;
Proffer’d assistance to replace the pack,
Upon the traveller’s capacious back,
Re-seiz’d his boots, and sought the alehouse door,
On which his name oft guaranteed the score;
Where now I leave them, (and conclude my tale,)
Drowning their animosities in ale.

STANZAS TO ELLEN,

WHO PETTISHLY ACCUSED THE AUTHOR OF NOT LOVING
HER SINCERELY.

O never say that I was false of heart,—

* * * * *

As easy might I from myself depart,

As from my soul which in thy breath doth lie :

That is my home of love.—

SHAKSPEARE'S Sonnets.

O, SWEET one ! would'st thou spare me pain,
Suspicion ne'er renew ;

Oh ! never, never, say again,

“Thou dost not love me true :”—

Ah ! if I would, I could not tell,

How well I love thee,—Oh ! how well !

For, had I pow'r to number all

The sighs of sympathy ;

A tongue to count the drops, that fall

From pity's streaming eye ;

E'en then 'twere vain I strove to tell,

How well I love thee,—Oh ! how well !

Or, had I words to reck the leaves
 In autumn's lap that lie ;
The sands upon the shore ; the waves ;
 The diamonds of the sky ;
Still, still 'twere vain, I strove to tell,
How well I love thee,—Oh ! how well !

And, dearest ! since such charms thou hast ;
 So kind and faithful art ;
No need to doubt my love must *last*,
 Till death shall bid us part !
Ah ! if I would, I could not tell,
How well I love thee,—Oh ! how well !

RECIPROCAL COMMISSERATION

AND APT CONJECTURE.

A TRAV'LER passing down the street one day,
Espied a shaver's shop across the way,
And, to get trimm'd, went over, and popp'd in.

He was a most unchristian looking fellow ;
For his skin was yellow,
And he sustain'd a beard upon his chin,
O'er which full a week's wind had whistled :

Red 'twas in hue,
In quantity, as much as any ordinary two,
And tougher hair, ne'er on a hog's back bristled.

After a deal of chatter,
(For shavers trade by wholesale in such matter,)

He began
To operate upon the stranger man ;—
(That is to say) to spatter
His porcupine—or rather
Hedge-hog chin—with lather.

Thus far the thing went well :—
 Now from his poke,
 With care he took
 His razor, and began to strop it ;
 And, thus prepar'd,
 He laid,
 The tear-extorting blade,
 Upon the fellow's beard,
 And then began, pell mell,
 To crop it.

The tooth-ache and the head-ache's very bad,
 And so's the rheumatism, gout, lumbago ;
 But, tho' these each should rage like a virago,
 'Twould not be half so sad,
 Nor to the torment could it be compared,
 Of a rough razor mowing a tough beard.
 And such it was the traveller's fate to bear :—
 Lord, how he winced !
 And doubtless, curs'd with many an inward damn,
 The ruthless blade, which pluck'd (not cut) the hair ;
 The whilst his eyes within their sockets swam,
 And all too plain his agony evinced.

Just now, a dreadful yell,
 That with the tone of horror was replete,

Burst from the throat
Of a poor dog, whose coat
Some heavy hand was dusting in the street :—
“In heav’ns name!” quoth the reckless operator,
“What can, with that poor devil, be the matter?”—
“Matter!” exclaimed the stranger, starting up,
With torture almost raving,—
“I’d almost swear now, by that horrid yelp,
“ (God send him help!)
“That some one the unlucky pup
“Is shaving!”

REPARTEE.

Two travellers, moulded in deformity,
 (One was hump-back'd, and t'other lack'd an eye,)
 One morning met; when thus the blind did say,
 "Why friend, you're early with your load to-day!"
 "Early indeed!" quoth Humpy, in a pet,
 "For you have but one window open yet!"

EPIGRAM.

BEAU DICK declared his love was cool
 To all, save what was beautiful!—
 Quoth BILL, "If you speak truth, sir, you
 "A noble disposition shew!
 "You cannot be a selfish elf,
 "Because, you're not in love with self!"

THE LAMENT.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets.

TIME was, I gaz'd upon her form
 That as an angel's seem'd to me ;
 And worshipp'd every grace and charm
 With love's own mad idolatry.

Oh ! I've been fetter'd by the spell
 That beam'd from her bewitching eye,
 Yet loved upon its light to dwell,
 And bless'd my bondman destiny.

And, I have too presumed to sip,
 (What I had even dar'd to death,)
 The honey'd nectar of her lip,
 Fraught with the fragrance of her breath.

Yes :—I have kiss'd her lip, as pure,
 And sweeter than the south that blows,
 Enamour'd, in the noon-tide hour,
 The fainting bosom of the rose.

And,—madd'ning thought !—oft have I hung
 Upon her bosom, warm with youth,
 That sigh'd responsive to her tongue,
 Which vow'd eternal love and truth.

But, *now*, when gazing on her cheek
 That time ago was passing fair ;
 Alas ! alas ! in vain I seek,
 The beauties once collected there.

Ah ! *now* her eyes no more inspire,—
 Fled from her lip is every sweet,—
 Cold is that breast, whose wonted fire,
 Kindled in mine affection meet.—

Alas !—and gentles would ye know,
 What spoiler all her charms undid ?
 Ah me ; her heart contain'd the foe !—
 For falsehood, ambush'd, there lay hid.

THE INCENSED PEDAGOGUE.

Nor long delays
 The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
 With visage all inflamed ; his sable robe
 Sweeping in length'ning folds along the ground :
 He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending scourge
 Brandishes high ; nor tears nor shrieks avail ;
 But with impetuous fury it descends,
 Imprinting horrid wounds with fatal flow
 Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

The School Boy.—MAURICE.

A PEDANT's wrath, to youth the direful spring
 Of stripes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing* :
 That wrath, which hurl'd on idle miscreants twain,
 A nine-tail'd whip (and consequently pain),
 Whose thongs upon their naked bodies bore,
 And like fierce dogs and hungry vultures tore ;—
 Since Simon and his cousin Neddy strove
 In mischief to excel,—such was the will of Jove.

Declare, O muse !—and timely counsel give,
 To such as love in idleness to live.

*See commencement of Pope's Translation of the Iliad.

Then urchins list, and from these youths' sad luck,
O, learn to shun the rock, on which they madly struck !

SOME years ago, the parents of a lad
Hight Simon, (onc nor very good nor bad,)
Took him from 'neath an aged beldame's rule,
To place him in a more enlighten'd school,
Kept by a master, who profess'd to teach
(By birchen application to the breech,
If not by fairer means,) his infant band,
Some scraps of latin,—measuring of land,
Writing, and grammar in a small degree, }
Reading, with somewhat of geography, }
And ciphering—up to the Rule of Three. }
A stock of knowledge, at the time he taught,
By no means scant ; tho' scarcely reckon'd aught,
In this our age of steam, of gas, and schools,—
Yet, notwithstanding, little less of fools,—
In proof of which, perhaps tho', you may cite,
Me and my rhymes ;—well, well, 'Whatever is, is
right.'

But :—clos'd the vacation, and arriv'd the day
When Simon was to make his first essay ;
Up, in high spirits, with the lark he rose,
Breakfasted, brush'd his hair, hat, shoes, and clothes,

And then departed with his cousin Ned,
Who serv'd as ush'rer to the presence great and dread.

And now the threshold's pass'd ;—Simon he bow'd,
And felt a strange confusion in the crowd
That rose in wild commotion, for a quiz,
As if they ne'er before had seen his phiz ;—
And then the master kindly shook his hand,
Hop'd he'd be good, obedient to command,
Attentive to his book,—and an ensample
To those who stood in need of good example.—
So bade him sit, and near him Simon sate,
A privilege reserv'd for each novitiate.

Now Ned, the cousin, was a merry grig,
And better than his learning, loved a rig ;
And oft (tho' frequent to his cost), the rogue
Would play them off upon the Pedagogue,
Eld and infirm ; as eke, this morn, the elf
Did, to the misery of Simon and himself.

'Twas thus it happ'd :—th' incorrigible Ned,
In frolicking and whispering, (instead
Of conning o'er his task,) the morning spent,
Reckless of consequential punishment ;

And, among others of his deeds of fun,
(Which led to his deserv'd correction,) this was one.

'Twas his misfortune, in a chink, to spy
A small brass pin, (nought scap'd his prying eye,)
Which, ever, as there came an opportunity,
He'd stick into some one of the community
Of plodding schoolmates ; till their wrathful vows
To blab, restricted *him*, and gained *them* some repose.

Still bent howe'er on mischief, Neddy shook
His cousin gently, whispering, "look, coz ! look !" —
Then instantly he thrust the brazen peg,
(And left it sticking) in the master's leg ; —
Then drew it out, then probed and probed again
The member unsusceptible of pain,
To Simon's wonderment, and perturbation,
Who thought the devil was in his relation,
And that no happy omen 'twas revealing,
In that the teacher was so void of feeling ;
Nor could possess himself of the strange history
Of what had been perform'd, till Ned explained the
mystery.

And reader, not to keep thee in the dark,
Know thou, the master's leg was made of *cork* !

A sergeant once was he, and by mischance,
 The real one lost in battle against France :
 And thus, disabled from pursuing tactics,
 He wisely took to teaching juvenile didactics.

But jest and frolic may produce satiety,
 And ever must dissolve into sobriety :—
 So Ned bethought him of his lesson, and
 Applied himself to learn it out of hand ;
 But, as 'tis ever with that mirthful sort,
 Who more than learning, love a bit of sport,
 'Twas soon accomplish'd ; and no sooner learn'd,
 Than to his mischief he again return'd ;
 And finding Simon had some volatility,
 Got him to take the pin, and try *his* capability.

Ah, reckless lad !—little he calculated,
 Upon the trick that Ned had meditated ;
 For Simon, simple soul, had noticed not,
 Or, if he'd noticed it, had now forgot
 That when his cousin made the pin obtrude,
 The master in a cross-legg'd attitude
 Was sitting, but which now was not the case,—
 A change, which brought on both the idlers, dire dis-
 grace.

Not long, from want of opportunity,
 Simon refrain'd the weapon to let fly ;
 Which with such force he did, that half the pin
 Was buried underneath the master's skin.
 Yes, underneath the skin ;—for he in verity,
 Chose the wrong leg, on which t' exhibit his dexterity.

Vain, vain, indeed it were, should I essay
 The scene that then succeeded, to portray :—
 To show, how writhed the Pedagogue with pain,
 How glow' red his eyes upon the miscreant twain ;—
 Whose hearts, with conscious guilt, began to fail ;
 Whose cheeks, from fear, remorse, turn'd deadly
 pale ;
 Whose nerves were in a frightful trepidation,
 Whose pores were overflow'd with perspiration ;
 In fine, ne'er did a culprit under sentence,
 Than these, with greater ardour, set about repentance.

But to be short :—repentance came too late ;
 For, when the master's pain began t' abate,
 He rose, and in stentorian accent, bade
 'The trembling two, (whose looks their guilt betray'd,)
 Stand forth.—Ah me ! 'twas vain that they confess'd,
 And begg'd for mercy ;—pity from his breast

Had flown, when pain and passion entered there,
And retribution now, fate summon'd them to *bear*.

And they did *bare* :—but I will not, in sooth,
Further *expose* them, by the *naked* truth :—
Enough, for me to say, the castigation
Receiv'd, gain'd them a long and comfortless vaca-
tion !!

EPIGRAMS.

CRIED JEM to BILL (a reprobate),
 "A time will come, or soon, or late,
 "That thou with fervent sorrow
 "Wilt sore repent!"—Replied the wight,
 "Dear Jem! perhaps you may guess right;
 "For, I'm to wed to-morrow!"

Two cronies one day met by chance in the street,
 And thus they proceeded each other to greet:—
 "How do ye?" cried HARRY.—"But poorly,"—quoth
 NED,
 "I feel a *strange* heaviness here in my head."
 "Nay, call it not *strange*," answer'd HAL, with a bend,
 "For lead's always heavy, you know my dear friend."

ADDRESS TO ECHO.

(AN IMITATION.)

OR,

THE PRECEPT 'TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE DIVINE,'
EXEMPLIFIED.

ONE eve what time the sun had gain'd the west,
 A youth with tearful eye and throbbing breast,
 (That from a recent quarrel with his love
 Unhaply sprung, and him from joyance drove,
 To an o'erhanging rock, a lov'd retreat,
 Repair'd, his lamentation to repeat.
 For there, a spirit, kindred with his soul,
 Would with him, when assail'd by grief, condole.
 Would kindly counsel him in his disease,
 Would listen to love's inconsistencies
 With patient ear, and answer mutually,
 Or to his 'well-a-day' or 'woe-is-me.'—

Yes, here he hied him, pale and sore distress'd,
 And his kind mentor—Echo—thus address'd.

Shall I now spurn the fair deceiver ;

Say, gentle spirit ;—or forgive her ?

(Echo) Forgive her !

Yet, no !—To show some indignation

'Twere best, upon consideration.

(Echo) Aye—shun !

For should my wish be vain, to court her ;

Ah ! what would then be my supporter ?

(Echo) Porter !

Nay—I'll not act the deprecator,

To prove a snubb'd conciliator.

(Echo) Hate her !

For then in scorn she'd flirt and fidget.

Oh my existence !—'twould abridge it.

(Echo) Ah ! Bridget !

And I should deem the act not hateful,

To cut my throat for the ungrateful.

(Echo) Great fool.

Or else go mad, thro' the despiser ;

And in my phrenzy sacrifice her.

(Echo) Sacre !—Fie, sir !

But should she turn ;—once a deceiver,
 'Twould not be prudent to believe her.

(Echo) Leave her !

Yet, Oh ! altho' my pride's above her,
 Her charms retain me still a lover.

(Echo) Aye ! love her !

But to relent, if I can bring her,
 For past deceit I'll surely wring her.

(Echo) Surely ! ring her !

Such counsel's sweet !—Oh ! heaven bless her ;
 I will not in revenge oppress her.

(Echo) Oh ! press her !

Now, Echo, tell a lone and low man,
 Shall I find comfort in this woman ?

(Echo) Woe, man !

And will she, sure, to thee, poor layman,
 A mis'ry prove ?—Ah ! Damon ! Damon !

(Echo) A dæmon ! dæmon !

Thanks, gentle sprite !—Then I'll forsake her.
 The devil for a bad one take her !

(Echo) Abaddon take her !

He ceas'd ; and turn'd to leave the lonesome cave,
Resolv'd to be no more affection's slave ;
When, lo ! before him stood the fickle dame
Whose charms had lit his heart-consuming flame.
He started with surprise (as well he may),
Whilst frighten'd resolution fled away ;
Then on the maid his stedfast gaze he cast
And his heart thrill'd with hope.—Quoth she, at last,
“ Damon, ‘ to err is human ! ’ ” With a whine,
Quoth he, “ and, Bridget—‘ to forgive divine ! ’ ”—
Then, with a kiss, they vow'd no more to sever,
And left the place as sociable as ever.

SHOULD this a moral need, it yet involves
A truth—Nought sooner dies than love's resolves.

EDMOND AND ELLA.

A TALE.

THERE are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom.

Victim of a broken Heart.

EDMOND AND ELLA.

PART THE FIRST.

“ List !—’tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
One kiss—one more—another—oh ! adieu ! ”

BYRON.

Farewell ! if ever fondest pray’r,
For others weal, avall’d on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thee blessings from the sky !

Ibid.

FAIR even ! a hopeful heart sigh’d at thy stay,—
An anxious eye looked for thy star,—
That seem’d as reluctant, its vespertine ray
To relumine, as even the monarch of day,
To wend on his journey afar.

But pitiless time seem'd a laggard in flight
 To Ella, who nightfall desired ;
 For Edmond, whose soul she was form'd to delight,
 Had vow'd she should far, far away be, ere night
 In the arms of Aurora expired.

But, departed the day-god, in glory serene ;
 With a blush died the twilight away ;—
 And, first in the brilliant assemblage, whose sheen
 Decks the concave of heaven, fair vesper was seen,
 To hail the declension of day.

And gazed the fair maid from her desolate cell,
 Whilst hope in her bosom beat high ;—
 Hark ! he comes ! 'twas the breeze on the myrtles
 that fell :—
 Hark again ! Ah ! 'twas hope that deceived her so well,
 As on roll'd the gems of the sky.

Came midnight ;—but Edmond came not.—In despair
 She sunk on her pillow in tears ;
 Now, doubted the oath he so solemnly sware,
 Now, charged him with loving some happier fair,
 Then indignant rejected her fears.

"Ah ! no," she exclaimed, "he will ever be true !

"Ne'er with falsehood his bosom was fraught !

"Oh ! hence with suspicions so base and undue !

"Oh ! break, break, my heart, or such doubtings
eschew !

"Ah ! Edmond forgive me the thought !" —

"Forgive thee !" a voice to the lone one replied,

Scarce breaking the stillness around ;

"O dearest ! for what ?" the same utterer sigh'd—

Then she knew by the tone, 'twas her Edmond that
cried,

And she rose at the heart cheering sound.

"Forgive thee ! 'tis thou must forgive my delay !—

"Ah Ella ! ill tidings I tell !—

"The drum beats to arms, and before the bright day,

"Thy Edmond will far from his love be away,

"And he comes, but to bid thee farewell."

"Alas ! how destroy'd are the plans of this night !

"'Twere madness, destruction, to fly ;

"Proscription would follow us hard in our flight,

"And, base 'twere in me, to desert from the fight ;"—

She answer'd him but with a sigh.

"Ah! wretched indeed, is our mutual fate,
 "Thus forced each fond hope to forego!
 "Accursed be pride,—fell attendant on state,—
 "Ah! would that thy parents had never been great,
 "’Twould have spared us this meeting of woe."

"Yet, weep not, adored; nor forebode with thy sighs,
 "A calamitous fiat of heaven;
 "Love will turn from my bosom the bullet that flies,
 "Will divert the red blades of the foemen, that rise
 "To pierce what already is riven."

"Oh! linger ye moments that fortune allows!
 "Hark! hark! ’tis the trumpet and drum!
 "Belov’d! if fate wills that I fall by my foes,
 "A true little page I have sworn, to disclose
 "To thee, my too premature doom!"

"And, this, for his faith, is the guerdon prepared!"—
 (*And a purse to her care he consigned;*)
 "But heav’n, will not deal with thy lover so hard,
 "As further a claim to the promised reward,
 "Oh! banish such fear from thy mind!"

“But, hope be thy stay, that thy votary shall

“Return from the cannon and glaive ;

“Wreath’d with laurel his brow, (for the tyrant must
fall,)

“To bear thee away from dejection and thrall,

“To meet the reward of the brave.”

“Thou that meed, love!—to kiss from thine eyelid the
tear

“That then shall be glistening in joy ;

“To press to his heart all he estimates dear,

“Oh Ella! the thought soothes the anguish, that there

“Now rankles, and strives to destroy!”—

“Oh! bid me not trust”—(from the weeping one fell),

“That hope which I nurs’d with such care ;

“That traitor, which came in my bosom to dwell ;

“That recreant hope, which now laughs a farewell,

“And betrays me to haggard despair!”

“Yet on to the conflict,—to death tho’ it be,

“I’ll strive, love, to bow me resign’d ;

“I would not thou should’st be a bondman thro’ me,

“No!—On to the conflict! It is to be free!

“And fortune!—oh be not unkind!”

Again, thro' the welkin, the trumpet was heard,—
 Fast the light of the day star expir'd,
 For the grey mantled herald of phœbus, appear'd
 In the east, and the vapours of night, that career'd
 O'er the hills, from their summits retir'd.

“Oh ! reach forth thy hand dearest Ella !” he said,
 “Hark ! again 'tis the clarion's breath !”
 Fain the bars had denied the request she obey'd,
 And with fervour that hand to his lips was convey'd,
 Chill and damp as if stricken with death.

He conjur'd her to hope,—not despairing rebel
 'Gainst Him, whose delight is to bless ;
 But; a tear on the hand he still held, as it fell,
 Betray'd, that the grief which in her he would quell,
 He fail'd in himself to suppress.

“Oh ! Ella !” he cried, thou shalt ne'er be forgot,—
 “For thy soldier thine orisons pay,—
 “Thy pray'rs will prevail when a seraph's would not,
 “Oh ! remember me love !”—and he rush'd from the
 spot,
 To mingle in warfare's deray.

She sunk on her couch, scarce aware of his flight,
With grief too o'erwhelm'd to reply ;
There, weeping she lay, till the day-god beam'd bright,
And the clangour of hosts going forth to the fight,
Died away to the tone of her sigh.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

EDMOND AND ELLA.

PART THE SECOND.

My heart has been too rudely crush'd,
For its deep wound to ever heal.
My hopes have been too coldly check'd,
For me again such hopes to feel.

My very soul is wrung ! it has
Borne for thee all that it could bear,—
Two silent pulses vibrate yet
In pain—its love and its despair !

Love's Lament.

AWAY on his eagle wing, time hurried on,—
Oft the pale queen of even had waned,—
And, as oft, on his trumpet, fame's herald had blown
The tidings of gladness, for victories won
O'er the slaves whom a despot enchain'd.

But named not *his* name where it spoke of the bold
 And their doings, all-worthy of praise ;
 That name lov'd by Ella, nor was it enroll'd
 In the cypress-crown'd list of the valiant, that told
 Who had finish'd with glory their days.

No tongue breath'd his fate to the anxious one's ear,—
 No billet brought joy to her heart,—
 To tell he yet liv'd, that he still held her dear,—
 To tell that her orisons heaven could hear,—
 The benizon ask'd could impart.

For, Ella forgot not her Edmond's request,
 Preferr'd when he bade her *farewell* ;
 And frequent, and fervent, was heaven address'd,
 But with little of hope, from as spotless a breast,
 As on earth was e'er suffered to dwell.

Yes :—Each eve, when the vesper responses were o'er,
 To her desolate cell she'd repair,
 And supplicate heaven its best blessings to pour
 On him ; whom, alas ! 'twas her grief to adore,—
 To brood over joyless despair.

To gaze o'er the scene, from her lattice that spread,
 Each eye running over with woe ;—
 To mark the last tints, that the setting sun shed
 O'er the west,—or to watch the toil'd rustic, whose
 tread
 Was homeward-bent, measured, and slow.

Soon alas ! from her cheek the queen flow'ret was gone,
 That blooms but in sunshine and joy ;—
 The flow'ret that lives not where sorrow alone
 Inhabits ;—where hope's blessed light is unknown ;—
 The flow'ret that tear-drops destroy.

But, the lily, the lily, pale emblem of woe,
 That blooms but in shade and despair ;—
 That would languish and die where the sunflowers
 grow ;
 But, watered with tears, opes its petals of snow ;—
 The lily, the lily, was there.

And gone was that fire, from her eye wont to dart,—
 That light which her soldier inspir'd,—
 And thought,—secret,—sad,—inly fed on her heart,
 Whilst her grief-sunken cheek did too truly impart,
 That the noon of her day was expir'd.

A year, a long year, o'er her sorrow had swept,
 O how long to the victims of love !
 When one even, her vigil of prayer she kept,
 But to chase the despondency o'er her that crept,
 In vain the lone votaress strove.

And, in chord with her feelings, that evening came ;
 The wind whistled hollow and wild ;
 From the day-god hung many a watery beam,
 Whilst a barrier of cloud round his chariot of flame,
 Portentous and scowling was pil'd.

And, pallid as Ella, rose night's pearly queen,
 And, as her, seeming wimpled with grief ;
 Whilst, aye and anon, her dun crescent was seen,
 To peer out the hurrying vapours between,
 And smile,—how like sorrow !—how brief.

But, unmark'd was the picture, herself that portray'd,
 Too absorbed in distress was her soul ;
 And reckless her vacant and streaming eye stray'd
 O'er the heaven's expanse, as the darkness it spread,
 Nor heeded the sudden blasts howl.

'Twas now the spent breeze a near footstep betray'd,
 That arous'd the lost maid from her care ;
 Who shrunk from the lattice, yet near enough stay'd
 To listen, and haply discover, what led
 The unwarranted stranger foot there.

And, O ! for the time—when she could have divin'd,
 Who dar'd that prohibited ground ;
 But hark ! Edmond's signal was heard in the wind ;—
 Hope flash'd on the wonder-struck listener's mind,
 As she eagerly bent to the sound.

“ And can it be he ! the lamented ! ” she thought,
 “ Escaped from the perils of war ?
 “ Oh ! has some kind angel averted the shot ?
 “ 'Tis his signal of love,—of regard unforgot !—
 “ Or,—is it a spirit I hear ? ”—

O ! ye can imagine her feelings alone,
 Who have felt the vehemence of doubt ;
 To her, 'twas however, but transiently known,
 For close to her cell, in a tremulous tone,
 A voice breath'd her name from without.

But 'twas not the voice of her Edmond, that cried,
 And hope (like a spark on the wave),
 That a moment had lit on her breaking heart, died,—
 And faintly, “who comes?” to the call she replied,—
 “Art thou mortal,—or voice from the grave?”

“Fair lady,” was answer'd, “I come from the land
 “Where waves the proud banner and crest;—
 “Where the dæmon of war has ignited his brand,
 “Whose sepulchral glare lights full many a band
 “To their long, last, and premature rest.”

“From the land where destruction is revelling wide,
 “To which I again must return;—
 “A herald of sorrow”—“Enough!” Ella sigh'd.—
 “Thou would'st tell me of one who in battle-field died,
 “Of one, I am destined to mourn.”

“True lady!—I bring to thee tidings of death,—
 “Yet, season thy sorrow, for know,
 “He gloriously fell, the foe's falchion beneath,
 “Thou in his last thought, thy name in the last breath,
 “He breath'd in this valley of woe.”

“ Yes, lady ! he died as becometh the brave ;—

“ Bless’d be he, who for liberty dies !

“ May nothing less pure e’er unhallow his grave,

“ Than the wild flow’r that there shall be soon seen
to wave,

“ Making traceless the spot where he lies.”

“ But enough :—I must haste to fresh actions of scath,

“ In which I am doom’d to engage ;—

“ To regions distracted with peril and death ;—”

“ Yet stay,” Ella cried, “ take this meed for thy
faith,”—

As the gold she consigned to the page.

He thank’d her, and fled.—As for Ella, she fell

Broken-hearted, to frenzy a prey ;—

Unheard in the storm, was the thunder’s deep swell ;

Unmark’d was the lightning, that flash’d thro’ her cell

An instant resemblance of day.

The sisters howe’er she instinctively joined,

When the matin chime summon’d to pray’r ;

Who mark’d her disorderly mien, and divin’d,

From her outward distraction, the state of her mind,

But reck’d not that love ravag’d there.

Ah ! pale was her cheek as the marble is fair,—
 Her cheek as the marble was cold ;—
 Distorted her features,—dishevell'd her hair,—
 Whilst her eye seem'd to follow some image of air,
 And with frightful intensity roll'd.

In kindness the nuns gather'd round the distress'd,
 And each fond endeavour was tried,
 To entice the sad secret that robb'd her of rest ;
 But still to each sister's compassionate quest,
 She mournfully-vacant, replied ;—

“ Oh ! death's throes have seiz'd him ! Oh ! look at
 the gore !

“ Which streams from my poor soldier's breast !

“ See ! see ! there the vulture is hovering o'er,

“ And awaiting his prey ! Now he struggles no more !

“ Oh ! his spirit is gone to its rest ! ”—

The maniac existed till evening-tide
 Proclaim'd the departure of day ;
 Then reason just dawned, and as calmly as glide
 The waters of ocean when tempests subside,
 Her soul sped to heaven away.

Ah! 'soft was the note' of the virgins who mourn'd,
And sigh'd her pure spirit farewell;—
And many a heart with deep sympathy burn'd,
As the corse of the love-stricken maid was inurn'd,
With candle, with book, and with knell.

END OF PART SECOND.

EDMOND AND ELLA.

PART THE THIRD.

If thou would'st know the lot of those,
 Whose souls are dark with guilty woes,
 Ah ! seek them not where pleasure's throng
 Are listening to the voice of song ;
 Seek them not where the banquet glows,
 And the red vineyard's nectar flows ;
 There mirth may flush the hollow cheek,
 The eye of feverish joy may speak,
 And smiles, the ready mask of pride,
 The canker-worm within may hide :
 Heed not those signs ! they but delude ;
 Follow, and mark their solitude !

Secret Tribunal.

O, MANY a time had the abbey's fair bowers,
 In spring's blooming vest been attir'd ;—
 And many a summer had burst into flowers ;—
 Autumn donn'd its rich suit ;—winter veil'd the grey
 towers ;—
 Since Ella, poor Ella ! expired.

And, many a fair sister's spirit had gone,
 Since hers, to where rest the forgiven;
 And, many in worldly hopes ruin'd, had flown
 For peace, to that place of repose for the lone,
 Wean'd from earth, and devoted to heav'n.

Yea, time with wild wing, had career'd o'er the spot,
 And change left its trace, as it swept;
 For now, 'neath that resiance, save *one*, there was not,
 Who ever had known, or who else had forgot,
 That once for poor Ella they wept.

He, the abbot;—whose lineaments oft would betray
 That beauty had there once reposed;
 But, beauty and woe are companions they say,
 And his locks which acknowledged a premature grey,
 His acquaintance with sorrow disclos'd.

He often, alone from the convent would steal,
 And wander the evening long;—
 The cause of his woe he would never reveal,
 But always seem'd anxious his grief to conceal,
 From the gaze of the curious throng.

And oft, when he thought him unseen, would he pray
 Bending sad o'er the sacred spot, where
 The relics of Ella were wasting away,
 Till the sisters supposed him the sire of that clay,
 Whose spirit occasioned his pray'r.

While thus he was seen o'er her ashes to bend
 One eve, to the abbey in haste
 Came a peasant, who pray'd he would quickly attend
 And absolve a poor wretch drawing nigh to his end,
 Embitter'd by thoughts of the past.

To a neighbouring hovel the father was led,
 And ushered to one, o'er whose brow
 The chill drops of near dissolution were spread,—
 To one, whose wild looks the soul's feelings betray'd,
 Despondency, horror, and woe!

"Oh father!" the dying one frantickly cried,
 "Hear, hear a lost sinner confess!—
 "Around me hell fiends with dread gestures deride,
 "And charge my base soul with the crime it would
 hide;—
 "Oh hear! and if possible, bless!"

“Twas in youth, when the passions are restless and
high,

“A sound of ‘to arms,’ shook the land;
“I listen’d, and rous’d by the patriot cry,
“Resolv’d in the cause or to triumph or die,
“And join’d with the valorous band.”

“Yes,—join’d as the page of as gallant a one,
“As e’er from its scabbard drew sword;—
“And gen’rous as brave;—O, the favour he won
“Of each gentle dame who his form gazed upon!
“Yet wrong’d he not one who ador’d.”

“He lov’d;—and to me his deep passion he told,
“On the eve of our marching away;—
“’Twas a tale of scath’d hopes;—*then* my heart was
not cold,
“And I felt for the bosom that sorrow controul’d,—
“For the heart under love’s cruel sway.”

“‘And, ‘mark me, young page,’ in his story, he said,
“‘And swear, what I bid, thou wilt do!
“‘Should fate have foredoom’d me to rank with the
dead,
“‘By thee must the fatal account be convey’d,
“‘To her I must soon bid adieu.’”

“ ‘And to guerdon thy faith, if accomplish thou must

“ ‘The service which heaven *might* decree,

“ ‘This gold I shall place in my dear Ella’s trust,

“ ‘Which *then* she shall give thee.’ ”—“I swore to be
just,

“ But hop’d ne’er such herald to be !”

“ We march’d from our home, on the morrow, away,—

“ Away on a foreign campaign,

“ ‘Mid glittering armour, and banners that gay

“ Floated o’er the proud hosts, and amid the deray,

“ Of drum, trumpet, charger, and wain !

“ ‘Twere needless, on each scene of horror to dwell,

“ ‘That from thence I was destin’d to view,

“ For, beckoning time bids me hasten, and tell

“ ‘The crime that procures me this foretaste of hell,

“ Oh father how justly my due !”

“ Some months from that season, we met with the
foe ;—

“ Morn saw the dread conflict begin,—

“ Soon mingled the war-cry, with accents of woe ;—

“ Soon many a lofty one, lay with the low ;—

“ Earth shook with the furious din !”

"Came noon, and the battle was still in its might;
 "The cry was yet—'On! to the fray!'—
 "Came eve, and the foemen betook them to flight;—
 "We pursued and destroy'd, till the falling of night
 "Took from us the power to slay."

"'Twas then! Oh 'twas then, that the warrior fell,
 "To whom my obedience was plight!
 "'Twas then, to the foul instigation of hell
 "I listen'd;—Oh father! Hark!—now the fiends yell
 "For my soul, with a horrid delight!"

"When I found the brave chief, he could speak not,
 nor rise,
 "Nor knew he who spoke, when I cried;
 "Yet I felt he still breath'd—saw that life lit his
 eyes—
 "Ah! then the fiend whisper'd, and spoke of the prize,
 "That resulted to me if he died!"

"And 'strike!' he suggested, 'make sure of thy meed!'
 "And my sword was half drawn from its sheath,
 "But I saw that his wound still continued to bleed,—
 "Knew if left he would die,—so I shrunk from *that*
 deed,
 "But forsook him, in peril and death."

"Then away, 'neath the cover of midnight, I fled,
 "From the cause I had sworn to uphold;
 "And straight to yon monast'ry thief-like I sped,
 "Sought, and found the lone maid,—vow'd her lover
 was dead,
 "And escap'd with the ill-gotten gold."

"Alas! there was death in those tidings;—she died!
 "Oh! how bitter is fruitless remorse!
 "The phantoms that now my repentance deride,
 "Then first 'gan, a murderer's spirit to chide!
 "Ah! see, now they dance round her corse!"

"Yes, she died!—and has haunted me since day and
 night;—
 "Oh! that from her sad gaze I were free!
 "Ah father! you weep at the woes I recite!
 "Yet grieve not for her,—she's an angel of light!
 "But rather commiserate me!"

"Yes, she died!—Oh! myself heard the sullen knell
 toll;"

 "(Still accusing it booms in mine ear;)"

 "For know, since that hell-prompted story of dole
 "I palm'd on the maid, fear has fetter'd my soul,
 "And chained me to solitude here!"

“Yes, she died!—But her soldier surviv’d it was said,—

“Had near to the abbey been seen;—

“Had learnt that the soul of his being was fled,—

“Then again to the fury of battle had sped,

“Away from the sorrowful scene.”

“Ah me! that before my departure from hence,

“I could but behold him again!

“In life, and in health!—I should gaze so intense,

“That the fiends would be powerless over the sense,

“That now with such horrors they strain!”

“For I know his beneficent heart, and believe

“He would sooth this internal disease;—

“Tho’ wrong’d, deadly wrong’d, at my anguish would grieve;—

“Ah! methinks could I see him, and hear him forgive,

“I could pass from this being in peace!”—

“And thou shalt!”—cried the abbot, as backward he threw

The cowl, that his features conceal’d;—

“See! sinner! the man who was destin’d to rue

“Thy perfidy!—Ah! I ne’er deem’d thee untrue,

“Till now, that thy guilt is reveal’d!”

“Nay, I reck’d, and how oft at such thought have I
sigh’d,—

“That the battle clang drown’d thy last breath;—

“Ah! better, far better, ’twere thus to have died,

“Than to live on in crime, and to quail at the chide

“Of a fear-stricken conscience, in death!”

“Yet, wretch as thou art! if thy soul may be eas’d,

“I forgive thee,—as I’d be forgiven;—

“Oh! may such await thee hereafter!” He ceas’d,

Turn’d,—and wept,—whilst the spirit of him he ad-
dress’d,

Passed away, hope would whisper,—to heav’n.

END.



THE APPARITION.

Alas ! poor Ghost !

Hamlet.

An officer one evening, from his ship,
 Snug at an inn, enjoyed his dose of flip,
 In a small seaport town ;
 And, as each drop went down,
 He praised the exhilarating stuff,
 And blessed himself, that he
 Was not at sea,
 For he could hear the wind blow rather rough.

 In the next box
 A few old blades there were,
 Who nightly sojourned there
 To sip their grog ;
 Game cocks
 At news or scandal ; and, when serious,
 The least thing savouring of th' mysterious,
 Would set their auditory organs all agog.

It chanced their converse on this evening, mostly

Hung on a subject ghostly ;

And the lone sailor, 'seasoning his admiration

With an attentive ear' to the narration,

Soon found out what he wanted.

Which was, that the church yard was haunted,

'In the dead waste and middle of the night,'

By a huge apparition, all in white :

And on 'the witness of these gentlemen,'

Who each avowed the vision he had seen,

The listener this 'marvel' dread did gain.

Being a youth of mettle,

And a vile disbeliever of such stories,

He started from the settle

Making no interrogatories ;

And by this act 'twas plain

'That 'whatsoever should befall that night'

He was resolved to watch, for that the sprite

'Perchance might walk again.'

The night was dark and dreary,

Yet without fear, he

Braced his keen hanger on ;

('That he might give the fiend a warm reception

In case of a surreption ;)

And in the church yard, soon
 Perched himself cautiously behind a stone,
 Waiting undauntedly the ghost. Anon
 He heard a sound (which made him writhe)
 Like the percussion of a scythe,
 And then a figure (something more to try him),
 Likened to nothing that had breath,
 And pale as death,
 'With solemn march came slow and stately by him.'
 'It walked thrice
 'By his oppress'd and fear surprised eyes,
 'Within his hanger's length : ' he now did rue it,
 'Therefore 'stood dumb,' and spake not to it,
 'Distilled almost to jelly with the effect of fear,'
 And wishing himself clear
 Of this uncomfortable mess.

At length 'it lifted up its head, and did address
 'Itself to motion, like as it would speak !'—
 The tar now thought his time was come,—
 That he must fight or die ;—
 So, from the tomb
 (And from necessity)
 He sprung, and then let fly
 With fury, rage, and anger,

Across the grim ghost's cheek,
 His glittering hanger ;
 Nor did he cease to ply it roundly,
 Till he had cut and hacked the bugbear soundly :
 At this the poor belaboured sprite
 (Perhaps not relishing such unfair play),
 ' Shrunk hastily away,
 ' And vanished from his sight.'

' 'Twas very strange !'—and the astonished tar
 Held it as his opinion, 'twould be far
 The wisest thing, than stay among the dead,
 To make all expedition home to bed.

But there the ruthless ghost,
 In his rack'd brain, so firm maintained its post,
 That not a bit of rest was known ;

And he resolved
 His mind should be absolved,
 When in the morning he came down.

Never had he so fair a time to think ;—

He did not sleep a wink ;
 But lay there tumbling on his bed of flock,
 Losing all hope of sleep, till nine o'clock.

Then unrefresh'd he rose,
 Still full of thought.—He donned his clothes,—
 And now was going down, to tell his host

How true the story of the ghost ;

When, in the street

The crier's voice melodious rung,

(To which was 'given an understanding, but no tongue,'

Which presently, you'll say was very meet,)

"O yes ! O yes ! O yes !" the bellman said,

"Good folks take warning !

"Some person, last night, took it in his head,

"Or early on this morning,

"Maliciously to maim the parson's old grey mare,

"In the church yard, cropping her wonted fare !

"Therefore, who shall discover,

"And to the law bring over

"The perpetrator of this mutilation,

"Shall be rewarded for the information !"

I need not say the Tar felt disinclined

(Now 'twas so timely eased,) to break his mind,

Or break his neck, in hast'ning to declare

The truth about this ghastly thing of hair.

He rung the bell,—
 And bade the waiter say,
 What he'd to pay :
 'Then (after paying), bade his host farewell ;—
 And lest, by any accident,
 'The folks his sad mishap should scent,
 He called his boat,
 And ere the story could, *he* got afloat ;
 With this conviction, that it was unwise
 To enter upon any enterprise
 Without the guide of reason ; nor discreet
 In any action to engage,
 Till counsel sage
 Asserted the attempt was just and meet.

SONG.

(TO ELLEN.)

Flow gently on thou dimpling stream,
 In lulling murmurs glide,
 For lovely Ellen comes to dream
 On thy enamelled side.

Blow softly, sweetly, o'er her ear,
 Ye gentle zephyrs, blow,
 Where rides the airy gossamer,
 From thistles' downy snow.

For Ellen's softer far than you,
 And sweet as honeyed flowers
 Surecharged with heavn's transparent dew,
 Or April's balmy showers.

Her eye transcends the gilt-cup gay,
 Or dew drop on the thorn ;
 Bright as the glorious god of day,
 When ushering in the morn.

Her voice sounds soft as Æol's lyre,
Or distant murmuring streams ;
She sets th' unwary heart on fire
By her refulgent beams.

Fly round her, all ye fairy bands,
A dream of love decree ;
O charm her with your magic wands
And let her dream of me.

Then gently flow, thou dimpling stream,
In lulling murmurs glide ;
For lovely Ellen comes, to dream
On thy enamelled side.

PRECEDENCE.

CRIED Jack, one day, in warm debate
 On metrical recluses,—
 “None e’er so high as BYRON sate
 “On Fame’s list of the muses!”—
 “Umph!”—quoth a wag,—“Tho’ I don’t know,
 “Who ranks than BYRON *higher*,
 “There’s one that stands *before* him!”—“Who?”—
 Why surely Matthew *Prior*!”—

EPIGRAM.

ON WITNESSING A PERSON WHO HAD A REMARKABLY LONG
 AND THIN NOSE PATIENTLY SUFFER IT TO BE TWEAK’D.

JEM’s nose, in truth, betrays a soul
 To cowardice akin;
 ’Tant strange, since that that’s often pull’d
 Must needs be lank and thin.

THE LOVES OF
BEN BACKSTAY AND SUSAN SNELL.

BEN BACKSTAY was a mariner
And own'd the smuggler Kate ;
Who, tho' he many a *consort* had,
Still sigh'd for a *co-mate* :
That is, he felt a mind to try
The matrimonial state.

Now she, who'd *fascinated* BEN,
Was one, nam'd SUSAN SNELL,
Whose father was a conjuror ;
So she could cast a spell.
No wonder then he was *bewitch'd*
By such a *charming* belle.

Now SUSAN was a *prudent* maid,
Altho' she was no *prude*,

And gave her BEN to understand,
 (Tho' willing to be *woo'd*)
 She *wou'd* not *moor*, till he once *more*,
 Had cross'd the foaming flood.

"For why?" said she, "We've not yet *rag*,
 "To make a decent *shift* ;
 "And poverty, you know, will ne'er
 "Give love a helping *lift*."
 BEN saw her *drift*, and so prepar'd,
 Once more to get *adrift*.

And, came at last, the parting hour ;
 Both swore to constancy,
 And two cornelian hearts exchang'd,
 Pledges to testify.
 Their troth was *plighted*,—then they cried
 In woeful *plight*, "good bye !"

Now BEN was scarcely at his *port*,
 Ere she left off her *whine* ;
 For wisely she surmis'd, he'd soon
 Return across the brine.
 Which came to pass one *moonlight* night,
 With a cargo of *moonshine*.

Soon BEN, no *idle heart*, flew to
 The *idol of his heart* ;
 Little *divining* his *divine*
 Had ill news to impart.
 'Twas such as made him *start*, and cry
 “Now here’s a pretty *start* !”—

For SUE pretended she was bent
 Towards another beau ;
 And scorning BEN, she cried “*go to* !”
 So he prepar’d *to go*.
 But first, unto the fickle dame,
 He thus express’d his woe :—

“Ah, cruel SUE ! Ah, cruel SUE !
 “Must I in vain adore ?
 “You’ll make me break my heart !”—which from
 His breast he madly tore.
 And, looking very dismally,
 He dash’d it on the floor.

“*Ah, Sue !*” he sigh’d—“you’ll drive me to
 “Commit a *suicide* !”—
 Said she, “D’ye choose a *rope* or *drown* ?”
 (How cruel to deride !)

“Because, in either case, I hope

“And trust, ’twill be *high tied* !” (tide.)

“Ah ! cease your cruel taunts !” cried BEN,
To the hard hearted thing.—

“*Farewell* !” quoth she. “Alas !” sigh’d he,
“My *welfare’s* on the wing !

“Ah SUE ! thou art, with all thy *tongue*,
“A *belle* that wilt not *ring* !”

And now, *Ben Backstay* would have gone ;

But, “*stay back Ben* !” she cried ;

“No more I’ll teaze thy honest heart,

“But be thy willing bride !”

And *died* with blushes was her cheek,—

BEN thought he should have *died*.

But to *take heart* he soon began,

Then up his *heart did take*,

That he upon the floor had flung,

With the intent to break.

Then eyed her *tenderly*, and gave

Her hand a *tender* shake.

Now as *Ben’s spirits* mounted up,

Her *spirits* they went down :

Spirits which she had purchas'd, at
The King's Head, *with a crown.*
Nor stopp'd he, till his head did *swim,*
And he'd drank enough to *drown.*

And so, next day to church they went,
To be made man and wife,
And tho' *contention* mark'd their path,
They got there without *strife.*
And then, the parson *spun a yarn*
That *tied them up* for life.

SONG.

O, GIVE this poor linnet a place in your breast,
 Dear MARY ! or else it will die !
 Oh ! nourish and warm it, and there let it rest,
 Secure from the bleak winter sky !
 From the snow storm I sav'd it, that flitted around,
 As it lay, almost buried, upon the cold ground !

And you, hapless bird, when by MARY carest,
 Oh ! chirp, and remind her of me !
 Oh ! plead, that thy saver might hold in her breast,
 A mutual existence with thee !
 For my heart is a flutterer, her coldness doth gyve,
 So frozen, that nought but her breast can revive !

Oh ? tell, as you chirp, of your rescuer's pain,
 When on her sweet bosom you sit ?
 And, if a return to my love you can gain,
 Oh ! then, you and I shall be quit !
 Then chirp, hapless bird, and your gratitude show,
 For you may save him who from death preserved you !

THE SEA SPRITES' SONG.

SPIRITS are we ! and more light than the foam
That floats on the breast of our ocean home !
'Tis ours to summon the hurricane forth,
And the blasting breath of the icy north,
When over the vast and boisterous tide,
Thron'd in the might of destruction we ride !
'Tis ours as the tempest howls to our beck,
To guide the helm and bear on to the wreck ;
To whelm the mariner, wearied and scared,
And dole him the death he so madly dared !
Spirits are we ! and the coralline caves
Our place of rest, when we tire of the waves !
And O, when the winds at our bidding cease,
When the heav'ns are bright, and the waves at peace ;
When the nautilus spreads his living sail,
And woos to his bosom the gentle gale ;
When the halcyon-bird repairs to her nest,
And the moon beams tinsel the ocean's breast ;

We haste from our fathomless haunts away,
And sport in the gleam of that mimic day,
To the seaman's hymn, and the bugle-swell
Of the triton's vocal and dripping shell ;
To the syren's song, and the mellow roar
Of the distant surges that kiss the shore.
Nor hie we away till the moon beams wane,
Back to our palace of coral again !

SONG.

(TO ELLEN.)

It surely was a fav'ring hour,
When nature formed her sweetest flow'r,—
The rival queen, that blooms and glows
With beauty and perfume—the rose.
And even when it ceas'd to blossom, gave
A redolence, that flowerets seldom have.

Such was the hour you fashion'd were,
Lov'd of this heart, my ELLEN, dear !
For with thy beauties were combin'd,
As good a heart as fair a mind.
Thou, too, wilt yield a balm, when laid in earth—
A sweet remembrance of thy charms and worth !

EPIGRAM.

"ALAS !" cried SUE, "I fear my BILL will die !" —
 The surgeon shook his head—she hove a sigh.—
 The fear she entertained was verified ;
 For shortly afterwards, poor BILLY died.
 Now, when his obligations she disburs'd,
 The surgeon's fees were liquidated first.
 "For, 'Sir,'" said she, and titter'd in her weeds,
 "I love to recompence with equal deeds ;
 "Promptly you settled *my Bill*,—and of course,
 "I likewise should be prompt in settling *yours*.

SONG.

THE night cloud had lour'd, and the dash of the wave
 Was heard to increase with the gale ;
 When ELLEN last stray'd to her FREDERICK's grave,
 Heart broken, to weep and to wail.

The rose's sweet bloom had deserted her face,
 To grief love consign'd her a prey,
 Yet brought forth a beauty, that rivall'd the grace
 Which before it had stolen away.

Ah! fast flow'd the tears from each languishing eye,
 As she bent o'er the grave of her love!
 When death doom'd her form, by her lover's to lie,
 And her soul, to the regions above.

And ah! near her FREDERICK's bosom she lies,
 In the battle's confusion who fell;
 His requiem heard in the heart rending cries
 Of the dying,—the cannon his knell.

The green sod lies light on their cold bridal bed,—
 No tombstone or marble is there,—
 But grav'd on a willow, e'en now, may be read,
 'Beneath rest the brave and the fair.'

SONG.

(TO ELLEN.)

ONE morn in Ellen's early walk,
 A blooming rose she spied,
 That crown'd with sweets a tow'ring stalk,
 In all its summer pride ;
 And waving, seemed to woo the hand
 That strove its beauties to command.

'Twas parted from the parent stem,
 But ere upon her breast
 The rose was placed, the wild breeze came,
 And rude the flowret pressed :
 Its fragrant leaves were scatter'd round,
 A lovely ruin, o'er the ground.

And Ellen thou hast held a heart
 (Sad emblem of that flower),

Which felt it misery, but to part
From thee one little hour :
A heart that loved and fondly thought
Thine was with mutual feeling fraught.

• But o'er that heart, by thee enslav'd,
 (Ere by thine own 'twas laid)
Hath falsehood's 'poison'd breezes wav'd,'
And deep corrosions made.
'Tis breaking ; and ere long will be,
One sad, sad ruin,—caus'd by thee.

REPARTEE.

A BUMPKIN was asked, by two dandified quizzes,
How far 'twas from *April the first, to Devizes*.

"Eh! You *vancy*, "sneered HODGE," you've a ninny
to jest on;

Or think me an ass, that can't *vathom* your question;
But tho' I can't *zolve* 'un, I can, if you *wull*,

Tell the distance there is 'twixt a clown and a *vool*."

"The devil you can!" replied they, "prithee tell us?"

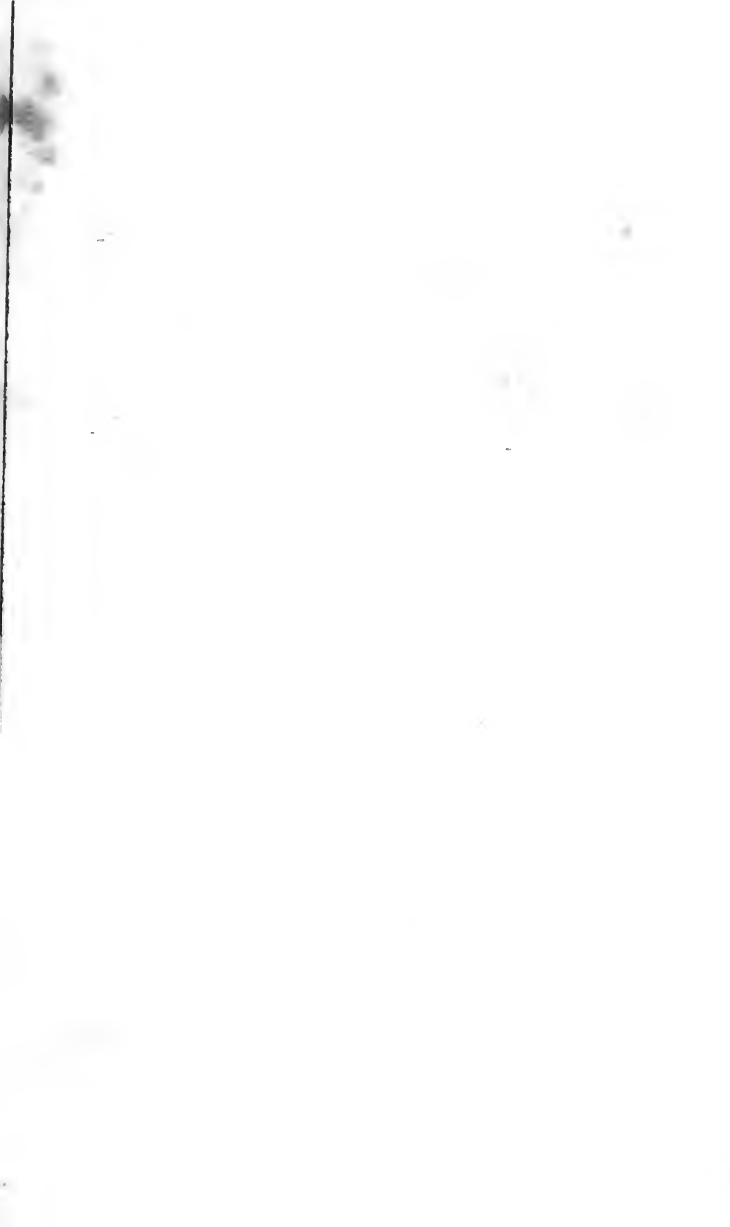
"The *speace* that's between us," cried he to the fellows;

Who turned on their heels, it seems satisfied fully,

They weren't meant for wits, more than HODGE for a
gully.

FINIS.





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